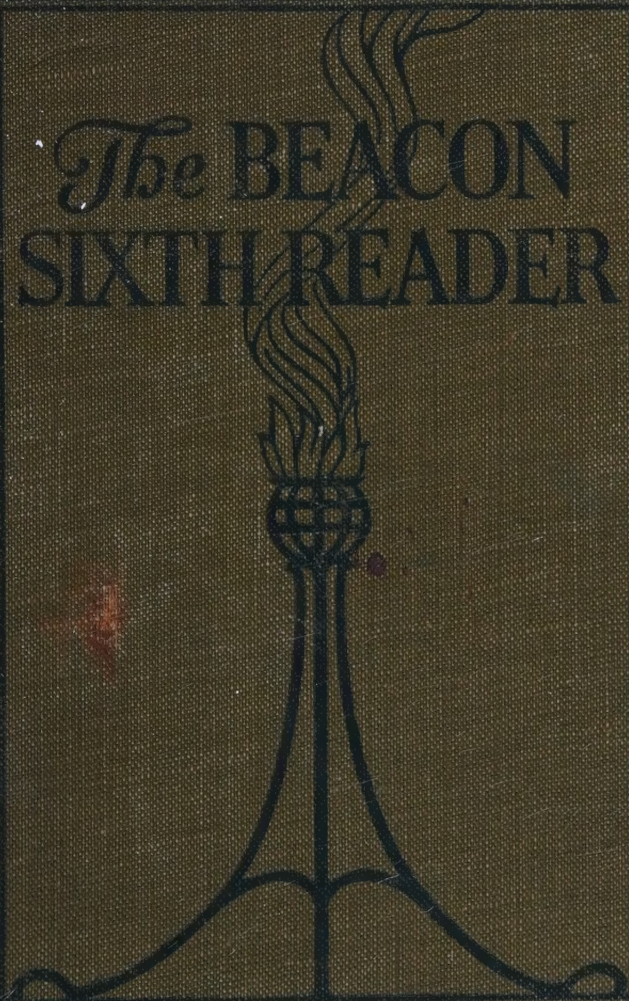
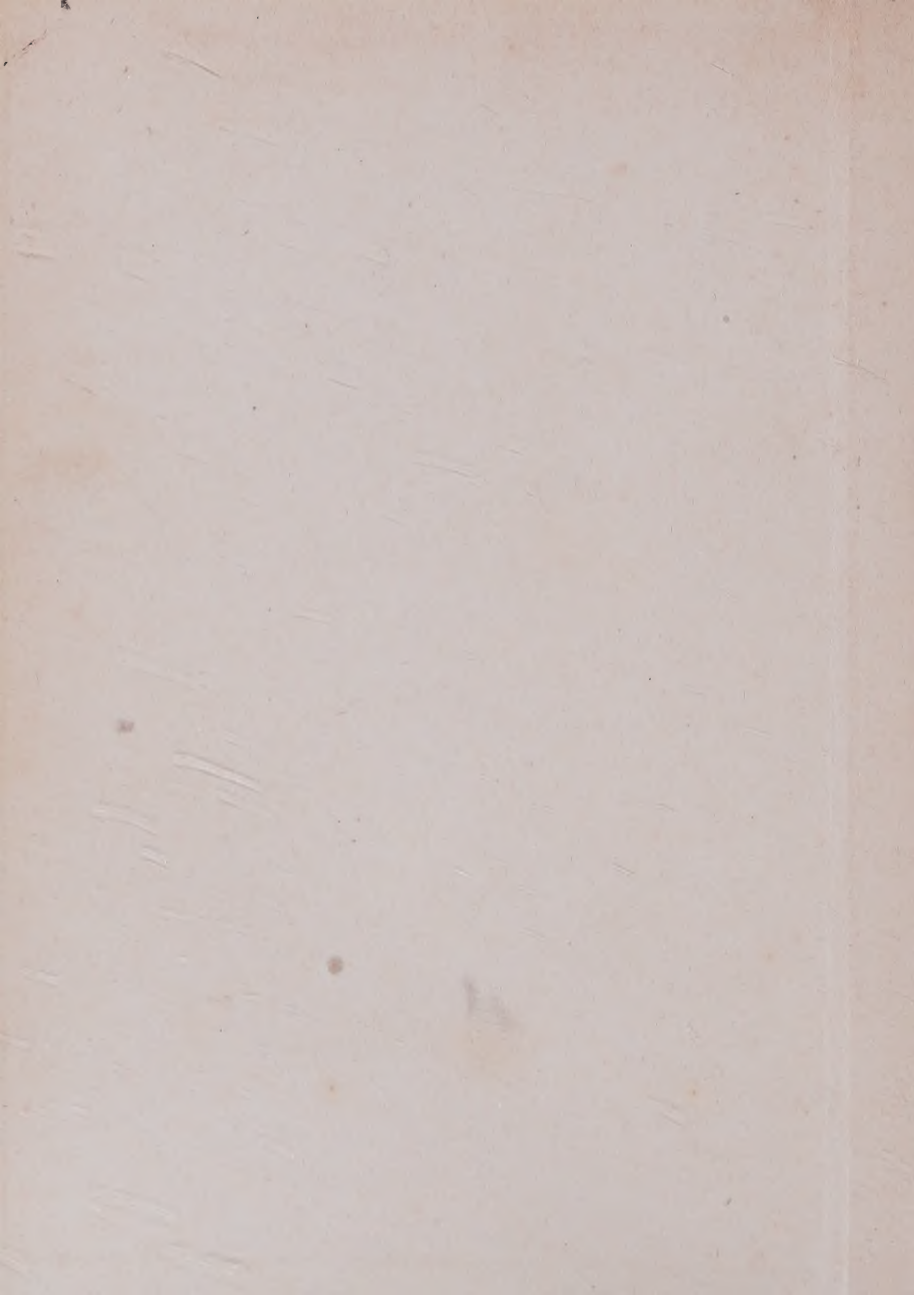


The BEACON
SIXTH READER



FASSETT



THE BEACON SIXTH READER

BY
JAMES H. FASSETT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
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PREFACE

Only within a comparatively few years has the teacher of reading dared to insist that the quickest way to make the pupils good readers is to give them something they like to read. It is true that standard literature should be presented to them, that they should be given a taste, at least, of the best verse and the best prose, but at the age for which this reader has been compiled, the *story* is the main thing. Even model English speech may be sacrificed now and then to give dramatic verity to the reading-exercise.

The Beacon Sixth Reader has been planned with the story element as the characteristic feature, and though the book is not wholly made up of fiction, the narrative quality is present in a large proportion of the selections.

"Ruby's Visitor" by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "November" by Alice Cary, "The Pine-Tree Shillings" by Nathaniel Hawthorne, "The Blind Men and the Elephant" by John Godfrey Saxe, and "The Village Blacksmith" by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow are used by permission of and by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers. Thanks are also due to the following publishers and authors for permission to use copyrighted material: to Charles Scribner's Sons for "Historical Associations" from Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" and for the extracts from Stanley's "How I Found Livingstone"; to Frederick A. Stokes Company for "A Song of Sherwood" from the "Collected Poems" of Alfred Noyes and for "Hugh John and the

Scots Greys" from S. R. Crockett's "Sir Toady Lion"; to G. P. Putnam's Sons (New York and London) for "The Young Serf" from Bayard Taylor's "Boys of Other Countries"; to Silver, Burdett & Company for "How the Wind Blows" by M. I. Lovejoy; to the *Missionary Review of the World* for "It Couldn't Be Done" by Edgar A. Guest; to the *Youth's Companion* for "The Country Week of Job and Joggins" by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, for "The Miraculous Basket" by Hezekiah Butterworth, and for "The White Peddler" by Rebecca Harding Davis; to Edgar S. Werner & Co. for J. T. Headley's "The Victor of Marengo" taken from "Werner's Readings and Selections No. 34"; to *Everybody's Magazine* and to Mr. G. W. Ogden for the selection from "A World Afire"; to Little, Brown & Company and to Mr. Edison Marshall for an abridgment of "The Elephant Remembers" from "The Heart of Little Shikara and Other Stories"; to Miss Marion F. Lansing for "Robin Hood and the Widow's Three Sons" from "Life in the Greenwood"; to Mr. Sewell Ford for his story "Old Silver"; to Mr. Douglas Malloch for his poem "The West."

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THE BEACON SIXTH READER

THE SANGREAL PRIZE

It lay on the teacher's desk, in full sight of the school. It was a superb book, bound in brown leather, with a gold border and bright edges to the leaves, and it had in it many beautiful pictures.

Its name was "The Vision of Sir Launfal." This was in gold letters on one side of the cover. None of the pupils had ever heard of it before.

Nor did they know what the word "Sangreal" meant; and when the teacher rose and read them the letter from her friend who had sent the book, they could not understand it at all, till the teacher explained it.

This was the letter:

My dear Friend,

I am much interested in what you tell me of your school, and I send you a book to be given to your boys as a prize.

I have always thought that the story of the Holy Grail, and the adventures of King Arthur's knights in search of it, ought to be told to all young people.

It should be so presented to them as to live always in their memories, and be a spur to noble deeds.

James Russell Lowell's poem of Sir Launfal is, to my way of thinking, the most beautiful and poetical setting which has ever been given to the fable and its moral.

I select that as the prize, and it is to be given to the boy who writes the best composition on the Sangreal.

When the teacher had read these last words of the letter, she laid it down on her table and looked around the schoolroom. In spite of herself, a little smile came to her lips at the sight of the puzzled and bewildered faces.

All the pupils had listened intently, for they had seen and handled the beautiful book and had been told that it was a prize, and that they were all to try to win it.

"Those who know what the word 'Sangreal' means, hold up their hands," said the teacher.

Not a hand went up.

"Those who have ever heard of it before, hold up their hands," she said.

One hand went up timidly, not much more than half-way. It was the hand of a little humpbacked boy, who had been in the school only a short time.

He was not only humpbacked, but lame. He was poor, too, and wore shabby clothing, for which reason some of the boys treated him unkindly.

"What is it, Phil?" asked the teacher.

"I don't know," said Phil.

A contemptuous titter was heard from some of the

older boys. The teacher looked sternly at them, and said, "Why do you laugh? My question was, who had heard anything about it, not who knew what it was."

"What have you heard about it, Phil?" she continued, smiling kindly at the boy.

Phil was sensitive and shy, and the boys' laughing at him had confused him so that he could not collect his thoughts. He turned red and did not reply.

"Have you forgotten?" said the teacher, gently.

"No, ma'am," answered Phil, encouraged by her pleasant tone. "It was something that nobody could find unless he was very good, but I don't remember what it was."

"That's right," said the teacher. "Now I will tell you all about it.

"About a thousand years after Christ's crucifixion, it began to be said that the cup out of which he drank at the last supper with his disciples was still in existence on the earth.

"It was said that Joseph of Arimathea carried it to England, and that it had been handed down in his family from generation to generation.

"There was something mysterious about this cup. If the person who had it in keeping did any base act, the cup would disappear. In this way it was at last lost.

"The same spell which made it hard for any mortal to be good enough to keep the cup made it hard for anyone to be good enough to find it.

"No one who was not pure in heart and unselfish toward his fellow men would ever be permitted to find it. This was what the old legend said.

"Then the poets began to write poems, describing the way in which different persons set off in search of the cup, and the deeds they did to prove themselves worthy of finding it.

"Sometimes the cup was called the Holy Grail, sometimes the Sangreal Cup. You see what a beautiful legend it was, and what was the lesson hidden in it."

When the teacher had finished telling this to the boys, she said, "I think after you have heard the poem you will all understand the fable better, and will think of many things you would like to write about it.

"You can write the story of the cup itself, finding out all you can at home in other books about it, and about the poems and romances founded upon it.

"Or, if you prefer, you can make up a story all your own of someone's going in search of the cup, and what he did to prove that he was pure enough to find it."

Then she read aloud "The Vision of Sir Launfal." I wish I had room to give you the poem here, but it is too long.

No doubt you can find it and read it for yourselves, and, if you do, you will understand the rest of this story better.

Sir Launfal had made up his mind to go in search of

the Holy Grail. He made a vow that he would not sleep in a bed till he had set forth on his pilgrimage.

As he rode out of his castle gate, he saw a leper sitting there, begging. Instead of pitying him, he felt a loathing horror of him, and tossed him a piece of gold, without a word.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust :
 "Better to me is the poor man's crust,
 Better the blessing of the poor,
 Though I turn me empty from his door ;
 That is no true alms which the hand can hold ;
 He gives nothing but worthless gold
 Who gives from a sense of duty."

When the teacher reached this part of the poem, she lifted her eyes, and her glance accidentally fell upon Phil. His cheeks were crimson, and his eyes full of tears.

At night Sir Launfal lay down to sleep out of doors. He dreamed that he had been seeking for the Holy Grail, had roamed through country after country in vain, and had returned, poor and old, to find another reigning in his castle.

Sitting by a stream he found another leper. Humble now and loving, Sir Launfal shared his crust with him, and they drank from the same bowl.

Then suddenly the leper threw off his disguise, and stood, bright and beautiful, at his side. It was the Christ, saying to him :

"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
 In many climes, without avail
 Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
 Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
 Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but now;
 This crust is My body broken for thee,
 This water His blood who died on the tree;
 The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
 In whatso we share with another's need:
 Not what we give, but what we share,—
 For the gift without the giver is bare;
 Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
 Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

When Sir Launfal awoke after his dream, he decided not to go away on his search for the Holy Grail, but to stay at home and do good.

"The Grail in my castle here is found!
 Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
 Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
 He must be fenced with stronger mail
 Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

When the teacher closed the book, you could have heard a pin drop in the schoolroom. Not a boy there had failed to understand the poem.

Nearly everyone felt that he would like to do something himself, that very day, to earn the right to find the Holy Grail.

It was time for recess, and the boys went out. The

teacher felt pleased when she saw the thoughtful faces of all except the few who had laughed at poor Phil.

Phil hung back. There were tears in his eyes, and perhaps he feared the rude laughter of these boys. At last he went down.

As he appeared at the outer door one of the boys called out, with the name poor Phil most dreaded to hear, "Tell us what you're going to write!"

"For shame! shame!" cried some of the other boys, gathering around Phil. "Never you mind what he says."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Phil; "that is, not much. I've almost got used to being called names," and he tried to laugh. "I don't know what I shall write. I know what I think about it, but I don't believe I could write it."

The schoolhouse was on a corner, where two streets crossed. Just as Phil spoke, a pair of runaway horses with a heavy wagon came whirling around the corner.

They dashed up onto the sidewalk, so close to some of the boys that they were nearly knocked over.

"Oh!" screamed Phil, "there's Rosy!"

Rosy was a little girl only four years old, the child of a poor woman who lived next door to the schoolhouse. She had opened the gate and was out on the sidewalk.

In another second—none of the boys could ever tell how the lame boy managed to do it—Phil had sprung forward, snatched Rosy from under the very feet of the horses, and flung her against the fence.

But, alas! in turning he lost hold of his crutch. It slipped away from him, and he fell directly in the way of the wagon, so that the heavy wheels passed over him.

It was all over in less than a minute. The horses were out of sight, and there lay Phil, seemingly dead, his eyes shut, his face white.

They carried him into the house and laid him on Rosy's little bed. He was not dead; he had fainted.

Before long he opened his eyes, and the first words he said were, "Where's Rosy?"

"Rosy's all right, my brave fellow," said the doctor, "but I'm afraid you've a bad hurt yourself."

It was indeed a bad hurt. One of his legs was broken just below the knee. It would be many months before he could walk again.

The next day there was a very sad and thoughtful class of boys in that schoolroom. Even the boys who had called Phil by the unkind name were sorry and ashamed now.

At recess the teacher noticed that the boys, instead of playing, were gathered in a group, talking earnestly. When school was about to close, an older boy rose and said: "We have something we want to tell you. We boys think that Phil ought to have the Sangreal prize, because he saved Rosy's life and none of us tried."

"We've all made up our minds not to write any compositions about it, so that he can have it, if your friend is willing," said another.

"And if we did, we couldn't write anything better than to tell what he did," added a third.

The teacher listened to them all, and when they had finished she said: "I think you are right, boys. But I must ask my friend about it. The book is not mine, but his. I think we can know in three days."

On the third day came this answer:

By all means let the brave little fellow have the Sangreal prize. He has earned it. And I send by express today a box of other books to amuse him while he is laid up with his broken leg.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

THE CAGED BIRD

Brave little bird!

Still striving with thy sweetest song

To melt the hearts that do thee wrong,

I give my word

To stand with those who for thy freedom fight,

Who claim for thee that freedom as thy right.

ANONYMOUS

SIR GALAHAD

[In the following poem Sir Galahad is represented as telling some of his experiences while following the quest of the Grail. Express in your reading the heroic character of Galahad and the mystery and wonder of the things he sees.]

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.

More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and thrill;
 So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
 A light before me swims,
 Between dark stems the forest glows,
 I hear a noise of hymns:
 Then by some secret shrine I ride;
 I hear a voice but none are there;
 The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
 The tapers burning fair.
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
 And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
 I find a magic bark;
 I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
 I float till all is dark.
 A gentle sound, an awful light!
 Three angels bear the Holy Grail:
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,
 On sleeping wings they sail.
 Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,

As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.



The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
 "O just and faithful knight of God!
 Ride on! the prize is near."
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the Holy Grail.

ALFRED TENNYSON

Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall
 compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect,
 to hate, to suspect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, or do
 anything which needs walls and curtains.

If it is not right, do not do it. If it is not true, do not
 say it.

Unhappy am I because this has happened to me? Not
 so, but happy am I because I can bear it nobly.

MARCUS AURELIUS

RUBY'S VISITOR

Her father had gone to the village one night and left her quite alone in that bit of a house; it was really very small,—it did not seem much larger than a dog-kennel,—but it was large enough for two people, especially if one were such an atom as Ruby. It was a very lonely house, too, for it stood halfway up a mountain where the shadow of the pine forest was darkest and the great white stretch of snow lay still and untrodden,—still except when the icicles clattered sharply down from the trees.

Once Ruby heard the growl of a distant bear that had lost his way. But she never thought of such a thing as being afraid. Her father found and shot the bear the next day, and it was the only one that had been seen on the mountain for years.

But she had her playmates indoors. Of these her favorite was the fire. Now I do not believe there are many people who can build such a fire as Ruby could. She used to gather such piles of light, dry brushwood and such branches of dead oak leaves, and she had such fragrant pine cones for her kindling wood!

When the hearth was all blazing and crackling with a fire about as tall as she was, she used to sit down before it and stretch out her hands with the fingers close together, so that she could see the beautiful, brilliant blood

in them ; or take off her shoes and stockings and put her pretty pink feet almost into the ashes to warm them ; or sit with her eyes very wide open and look and look into the pile of blazing logs till she made herself think that it was some great city in flames, towers falling, steeples tottering, churches crashing, and hundreds of houses in hundreds of streets turned to living fire.

On this evening of which I started to tell you, she built up her largest and brightest fire,—for it was a very cold evening,—looked a few minutes at the towers crashing down through the city, and then suddenly remembering another of her playfellows that would be in the room that night, she went to the window to look for it. Perhaps you will think it must have been a stupid companion, but I assure you that Ruby did not find it so. It was only the moonlight which had fallen silently in and lay quite pale upon the floor.

The moon itself, looking very large and very lonely, was bright above the tops of the pines, against the blue of a far, faint sky. Ruby sat down on the floor in a flood of light, with her hands folded, and began to think—as she loved to think when alone—about the rivers of pearl, and the diamond mountain, and the silver grass, and the trees with rainbows for blossoms and jewels for fruit, and the little ladies dressed in dewdrops, and—oh, so many things that *might* be in the moon ! If one could only find out for certain !

"Oh—I—really—why, what's that? Oh, dear me!" said Ruby at last, scrambling to her feet in a hurry. For something or somebody was walking through the air, down upon the broadest of the moonbeams. Almost before she could draw a breath it stood close upon the outside of the window,—something very large and very dark, but whether it was a man or an animal Ruby could not decide.

"Oh, you can't, you know," she began, moving away a little; "you can't possibly get through the window,—if you'll wait till father comes, maybe I'll let you in at the door."

But, to her unutterable surprise, the strange visitor at this came directly through the window without the slightest difficulty, and without making so much as a crack in the glass, and landed on the floor beside her.

"Oh!—if you please won't!—why, I never did!" said Ruby, winking very hard, and looking around for a place to hide. But the stranger did not look in the least as if he had any thoughts of wringing her neck, or swallowing her whole, or doing her any harm whatever. He was only an old man,—a very odd old man, though. He was not so very much taller than Ruby; he had exceedingly white hands and wore white satin slippers. His trousers were bright corn-color, and he had long pink stockings that came up to his knees. He wore a coat of white broadcloth, with sleeves a yard wide, and silver fringe and buttons. His vest was of pale gray velvet,—whether it was faded or

not, Ruby could not make out,—and on his head was a three-cornered cap of white tissue paper, with a little black tassel on top of it. But by far the funniest thing about him was his face. It was as round as a dinner plate and perfectly white. His eyes were round, and his nose was round, and his mouth was round, and there was not a particle of color anywhere in them. His eyebrows and eyelashes, his hair, and his long, flowing beard, were like drifting snow.

He stood looking very solemnly at Ruby, and after he had looked a minute without speaking he made her so low a bow that the tassel on the tip of his tissue hat touched the ground.

"Why—why, who are you?" stammered Ruby, with her eyes very wide open.

"Guess," said he, setting his cap straight.

"Well, maybe," began Ruby, trying hard not to be frightened; "maybe you're one of the fairies that live in the rocks by the brook. I guess I saw you peekin' out of a crack last week."

"No, you didn't," said the stranger; "guess again."

"Or perhaps you're some sort—some sort of a—sort of a king, you know," said Ruby, hesitating, "and you've got a palace,—a real live one."

"Guess again," said the old gentleman.

"I shouldn't wonder"—Ruby began to look again for a place to hide—"if you might be a—a *ghost*!"



The visitor burst into a laugh that echoed through the hut. "You're a good Yankee! You haven't come any nearer than you are to the moon."

"I'm sorry I'm so stupid," said Ruby, humbly. "Won't you tell me?"

"Oh, certainly, with the greatest pleasure,—certainly, certainly, I'm the Man in it."

"The Man in *what*?"

"The Man in the Moon."

"Oh, my!" said Ruby.

"Yes, I am," continued he, growing suddenly very sober. "I have been ever since I can remember."

"You don't say so!" Ruby drew a long breath.

"I do," asserted the Man in the Moon, with an air of gentle melancholy.

The crimson lights on Ruby's cheeks fairly paled and glowed with curiosity. "If you wouldn't mind telling me, I should like so much to know, sir, what—what on earth you came down for?"

"Your fire."

"*My fire!*"

The old gentleman nodded. Ruby began to be afraid that he was going to make a bonfire of the house, or burn her at the stake.

"Cold!" said her visitor in an explanatory tone, shivering till every separate hair of his huge beard seemed to stand on end.

"What! don't you have any fire up there, sir?" asked Ruby.

"Sat on a snow chair all last evening, and slept under one blanket of ice, and a frost bedquilt,—caught the worst rheumatism I've had this season," said the Man in the Moon, sighing.

"Oh, how dreadful! and you don't mean to say you saw my fire *clear* down here,—*really*?"

The old gentleman nodded again.

Ruby looked at the fire, then up through the window at the moon. "I don't see how you could see so far, to save your life! Shouldn't you like to come up and get warm, sir?"

The old gentleman had been seized with such a shivering fit just then that Ruby thought he would shiver himself to pieces, which would not have been at all convenient, as she would not have known what to do with the broken bits. She felt relieved, however, when he smiled the roundest of smiles out of his round mouth and seated himself in the rocking-chair in front of the hearth, apparently with the greatest satisfaction.

"You—you are—really, you are very kind," began her visitor, rubbing his hands. "I am *not* a thin man," he proceeded, apparently giving himself no trouble about the want of connection between his sentences; "never was but once, and that was when I lived on putty and dewdrops for two years. We had a famine.

I grew so small I got lost one day in my own coat,—couldn't find my way out for four hours and a half."

"Dear me!" said Ruby.

"Yes, you are very kind not to laugh, nor anything of the sort," he continued with an absent air; "very, indeed; and it is very good in you to let me warm myself at your fire,—very. On the whole, I think it is exceedingly good."

"Why, I shouldn't think of doing anything else," said Ruby, who had quite recovered from her fright; "but do tell me what you eat in the moon when there isn't a famine?"

The old man twirled his buttons, felt of the tassel on his cap, gave his head a little shake, and looked solemnly into the fire. "Depends on the season,—sand cakes with hail sauce are about as good as anything in their time. I have an excellent recipe for a sea-shell pudding, and for breakfast I take fried snowballs pretty much the year round."

"Oh," said Ruby. "Well, I *should* like to know if you weren't cold, taking such a long journey in that hat."

"Oh," said the Man in the Moon, "I'm used to it."

"But what do you wear it for?" persisted Ruby.

At this he looked very wise and stared into the fire again, but said nothing. Ruby did not dare to repeat the question; so she stood with her eyes very black, looking at the funny, fat little figure and the solemn white face beside her.

"Are there really little ladies up there," she broke out at last, "with silver dresses, and diamond mountains, and

castles with great pearl doors, and little princes riding white horses, and—”

“No, ma’am,” interrupted the Man in the Moon, “there isn’t anybody but me.”

“Don’t you get dreadfully tired of it?” said Ruby, beginning to feel sorry for him.

He gave a little short groan, and, taking a black silk handkerchief out of his pocket, began to wipe his eyes. The handkerchief was so large that it dragged on the floor, and covered him quite out of sight till he began to feel in better spirits, when he folded it up sixteen times and put it back in its place.

“Who hems your handkerchiefs?” asked Ruby, suddenly.

“Hem ’em myself.”

“Why, how did you learn to sew?”

“Oh, I always knew how. The first time I remember anything about myself I was sitting on top of a thorn tree, mending a pair of mittens.”

“You *were*?”

“Yes,” said the old gentleman, with a meditative air, “I was.”

Seeing how much enjoyment he appeared to take from the heat of the fire, Ruby suddenly bethought herself that he might also fancy some supper,—especially, poor man! as his bill of fare in his own residence was so uninviting. So she stole away on tiptoe to the closet and

brought out the remains of her supper,—a brownbread cake and a cup of goat's milk. There was a bit of cold squirrel too, but that was saved for her father. She spread them before her visitor on the table.

"Shouldn't you like some supper, sir? It isn't much, but I think it must be better than what you have at home."

"Much obliged," he said, looking first at the bread, then at the milk, then at her; "very much indeed. Really, you are remarkably polite, but I never allow myself to eat away from home; it doesn't agree with my constitution. The last time I did it,—I'd gone on a visit to my first cousin, who lives on the planet Jupiter,—it gave me St. Vitus's dance, and I had to walk on my head for a week afterwards."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ruby, somewhat startled. "Well, I'm sure I wouldn't have asked you if I'd known."

She put up the tea things with a great clatter and hurry. Indeed, I am not sure but she was afraid the dyspeptic gentleman might be overcome by his appetite and snatch a mouthful or two as she was carrying away the bread and milk. As for his exercising around the room on the tip of that tissue hat, though it might be interesting, she thought she should, on the whole, prefer not to have him perform till her father came home.

She had no more than locked up her dishes and come back to take a seat on the cricket, when she was attracted by the strange behavior of her guest. He had been watch-

ing every step she took about the room, and now he folded his little fat hands, and looked at her very hard, and opened his mouth with a very wide smile.

"I say," said the old man, "you're a very polite young lady,—very polite; quite a sweet voice. What should you say," continued the old gentleman, "to coming home with me? You might come back every Saturday night to see your father, you know."

"Oh, dear!" cried Ruby, turning pale, "I couldn't think of it,—I couldn't possibly."

"Oh, it's of no consequence," replied the Man in the Moon, looking quite unconcerned; "none in the world; it's just as well. I think I must be going now. There won't be anybody to ring the nine-o'clock bell if I don't." And before Ruby could find words to speak he had walked with a serious air to the window and disappeared.

Ruby started, stared, and rubbed her eyes to look out after him. The forest was quite still; her father was just coming up the footpath that led to the door.

Bewildered, Ruby looked up at the moon, miles and miles away. The old gentleman's solemn face was staring down out of it; and if it had not been for the branch of a little tossing birch tree that came in the way just then, she would have been sure—perfectly sure—that he winked at her.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

THE HERMIT OF HERON COVE

It was an unusually warm evening in May. We were all in the library, Sandy and I playing chess, mother darning stockings, and father reading his paper, when Uncle Robert came in, as he always did, "to take the taste of the boarding house out of his mouth."

So used were we to his being with us, and so critical was the state of the game, that I noticed nothing until mother said "Well, Robert?" in such a way that we all looked up and father laid down his paper. Evidently Uncle Robert had news to tell. Reaching out a long arm he captured my king and put it into his pocket, "just to insure attention" he explained amiably. Then he relapsed into a discreet silence.

"Oh, come, tell us!" "What's happened?" we all cried. "Don't tease; it's too hot."

"Peter the hermit is dead," announced Uncle Robert, with due solemnity.

"I should say so!" said Sandy, "as dead as Julius Cæsar. Is that all the news?"

I had a dim notion of my own that Peter the Hermit's¹ existence had been terminated some years before, but my historical ideas being vague, I ventured no retort. But father showed great interest.

¹ Peter the Hermit was a famous preacher of the Middle Ages.

"Well, well!" said he, "that *is* news. I never thought of the old man's dying. What are you smiling at, Mary?"

Mother laughed outright. "See how bewildered the boys are!" she said. "They think you mean the original Peter. Do tell them about *your* hermit."

It was father's turn to look bewildered. "Is it possible, boys," he said, "that I never told you about Peter Wise?"

"No, nor Peter Simple either, daddy," said Sandy, still suspicious of a hoax.

"Let me tell!" begged Uncle Robert, "it's my story."

"All right," said father, "you know the end of it, which is more than I do. Go ahead."

"You must know, my young friends," began Uncle Robert, grandiloquently, "that in the town where your father and I were born there is a locality called Heron Cove."

"I know Heron Cove," I broke in. "Father took us there one summer."

"Excuse me," Uncle Robert went on gravely, with a polite wave of his hand; "you do not know Heron Cove if you are ignorant of Peter the hermit. At the farther side of the cove, opposite Heron Island, is an old scow moored at the end of a thirty-foot rope. In this scow, for forty years, Peter the hermit has lived alone. A rickety chair, a clothesline, and a stovepipe are visible from the shore, and make up all that the townsfolk know of his house-keeping. When your father and I were little shavers,

we used to go down to see Peter, and mother sometimes sent him doughnuts and turnovers. Either for that reason or because we were naturally such attractive lads, Peter warmed to us and used to let us fish out of his parlor windows. He was a queer old fellow, but as simple and harmless as a child. That was thirty years ago, and though we go home every summer I haven't seen the old man in fully half that time. Have you, Richard?"

"No," said father. "I heard that it troubled him to have visitors, so I kept away."

"This morning," Uncle Robert continued, "my little neighbor in black at the breakfast table—" "The typewriter girl?" asked Sandy, and Uncle Robert nodded as he went on—"asked me if I would give her some advice. It appears that old Peter Wise was her uncle,—in fact, her only relative in this country,—and last week she received a notice that he was dead and that she was his heir. She went down to Heron Cove at once, met the town clerk, saw the will, but looked in vain for money, or papers which should throw any light upon the subject. Knowing that I am a lawyer, she ventured to ask me what she could do about it. You can guess how astonished she was at my early acquaintance with her eccentric uncle."

"What can *you* do about it?" mother asked. "Do you think he really had any money?"

"He did have some," said father. "He showed me a box of coins once. I suppose my eyes were unused to that

sort of thing, but I remember that it seemed to me like the wealth of all the Indies."

"I remember your telling me about it," said Uncle Robert; "strange I shouldn't have thought of it before. And we boys advised him not to keep it in his boat, but to bury it on Heron Island. Don't you know how we used to dig for gold on Heron Island? There were such capital spots for buried treasure."

No one spoke for two or three minutes. Then Sandy looked up. "Perhaps he did," said he, in his quiet way.

"Hooray!" cried I, springing up with a bound that sent the chessmen flying. "Of course he did, and we're going to find it!"

"Boys! boys!" entreated mother, as Sandy and I broke into a wild war dance together; but Uncle Robert was as bad as we were. When the meaning of Sandy's little speech came home to him, he sprang to his long legs and shouted, too.

Then he broke into a shamefaced little laugh as he turned to father.

"Do you think it's quite impossible, Richard?" he asked, boyishly.

"No, I don't," said father, in his even tones and with the calmly judicial manner which invested our wildest schemes with a certain dignity. "It is not at all probable, I admit, but it is possible. The boys have a holiday Friday. Why don't you take them down to the old place

and look the thing up? You can risk a disappointment for a chance to do the poor girl a service." And so it was fairly settled.

Heron Cove looked as peaceful as ever in the clear sunlight of that May morning. The dingy old boat had been hauled ashore, a shining new padlock swung on the cabin door, and the town clerk, Mr. Haddon, was waiting for us with the key. Our curious gaze fell disappointed upon that bare and desolate interior. A rusty stove, an empty bunk, a small table, and a bracket lamp,—these were literally all that the room contained. It was clean and drearily tidy, but possible mysteries or hiding places there were none. The walls were sheathed in pine; there were no closets, no cupboards. On deck there was even less of interest. A screen of odd pieces of canvas was stretched amidships to cut off the north wind, and a yellow settee looked oddly out of place in the stern. We met Uncle Robert's eyes with appealing glances.

"Poor old man!" said Uncle Robert, at last, "and he was here all alone."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Haddon. "Some of the fishermen noticed that there was no smoke from his stovepipe that morning, and rowed out to him. They found him dead in his chair."

"Where was the will found?" asked Uncle Robert.

"He had it in his hand," said Mr. Haddon. "I supposed as Miss Evans's lawyer you would wish to see it and so

I brought it over with me. He must have felt he was going, for you see there are some queer scrawls on the back, as if he had tried to write something in pencil."

Sandy and I pressed forward eagerly to see, but Uncle Robert talked on calmly as if these were of no import.

"It seems to be properly executed," said our uncle, with great deliberation.

"Why, certainly!" said Mr. Haddon. "It must have been drawn up twenty-five years ago. Old Lawyer Nichols did it for him, and he's been dead these twenty years. Witnesses both dead, too."

"'To my niece Maria Evans, all of my property wherever situated,'" read Uncle Robert. "Of course you have made all possible inquiries here, Mr. Haddon?"

"Why, certainly," Mr. Haddon answered with becoming dignity.

"And no other papers of any kind have been found?"

"Absolutely none. Not even a scrap to light his pipe with. He must have burned everything himself. The only piece of personal property is a Bible which I have kept at my own house, and the mention of which is the only intelligible word in this scrawl I spoke of."

Again Sandy and I peered over Uncle Robert's shoulder, but that gentleman was inexorable.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Haddon," said he. "I will make a copy of this and bring it up to you within an hour. Let me steady the plank for you, sir. Now, boys," he

went on, as he came back, "don't forget your rôles as detectives. You are to see everything; to reveal nothing till the time comes. I was verily afraid you would ask Mr. Haddon to come and help dig."

"Don't scold us, Uncle Rob!" I implored him. "We can't wait to see the other side of the will."

Uncle Robert laughed. "Come and look," he said. "I hope you can make more of it than I can."

He stretched the paper flat as he spoke and we all bent over it eagerly. The writing was feeble and almost illegible, but the word "Bible" was quite distinct. Below it was something that looked like "N. E. corner" and then half a dozen words of which only a few letters were decipherable; "big bo—" was all that we could glean from them. "Big box," said Sandy, with renewed hope.

"I suppose," said Uncle Robert to Mr. Haddon, as we stood on the latter's doorstep, "that the northeast corners of the boat and the cabin were examined after finding the will."

"Why, certainly, certainly!" answered Mr. Haddon. "You saw probably that the floor had been taken up in the cabin, and part of the forward deck has been pried off. You may be assured, my dear sir, that though we do live in the country, we have our methods. If there had been anything to find, we should have found it."

"I don't doubt it," said Uncle Robert, with great gravity. "And now, the Bible, if you please."

Mr. Haddon disappeared within the house door and presently returned with a quaint, leather-bound volume which he placed in my uncle's hand. "There's some gibberish written on the fly leaves," he remarked.

Uncle Robert took the book with what we in our turn considered unbecoming eagerness. "Why, this was *my* Bible!" said he, "the one that I used to carry to school when I was a boy. See, there's R. H. cut in the back. I remember giving it to Peter when I went to college, and I fear the gibberish," he went on laughing, "is schoolboy nonsense of my own."

But when we were in our little sitting-room at the hotel, he pointed triumphantly to one entry halfway down the leaf. "*That* isn't mine, boys. It's the clue we are after."

This was written in a plain, round hand, not widely different from Uncle Robert's boyish script on the rest of the leaf, but the words conveyed no ideas to us.

"It shows ten miles away. Feet near extreme north. Read again of these few marks. There are three times three feet up or down,'" read Sandy, bristling his eyebrows over this new puzzle.

"It's the island, of course," said I. "Can't we go, now?"

The island was a picturesque little place, scarcely half a mile from shore, irregular in outline, with bits of beach, rocky points, and frowning cliffs like a continent in miniature. We walked around it in ten minutes. To our disappointment the configuration of the northeast coast

showed no noticeable features. The northern exposure was a smooth white beach, unbroken by any headlands and stretching quite to the middle of the eastern shore.

"Bluffed again!" said I, impatiently.

"Of course he wouldn't have buried it on the beach," said Sandy, "or in any place near tidewater. We must look inland."

"But it says extreme north," I objected.

Sandy's face fell. "That's so," said he. We read our copy of the clue again.

"There is nothing on the whole island that would show ten miles away," said Sandy, discontentedly. "And three times three feet up or down is sheer nonsense. Whoever heard of burying treasure nine feet up?"

"Might be in a tree," I ventured.

"There isn't a tree on the island nine feet high, you goose," said Sandy, scornfully; "and if there was, it would be the last place to hide money. What do you think, Uncle Robert?"

"Perhaps," said Uncle Robert, "there are some directions on the island itself, cut on some tree or rock. Now if we could only put ourselves in old Peter's place when he came here to hide his treasure, as I cannot help feeling that perhaps he did, we may solve the mystery. Let us look on the north shore again."

But no rock or conspicuous landmark met our eager eyes. The low-growing bushes and scrubby trees of the

interior of the island ended in a waste of soft, yielding sand. The rocks were all on the southern coast, and to these we had no key. The word "north" was unmistakable.

"Let's dig somewhere," said I. "I don't want to give it up in this way."

"We must have something to guide us," said Uncle Robert. "We can't dig up the whole island."

"Then we may as well go back for tonight," said Sandy. "Our only hope is to make something more out of that scrap of paper."

Much depressed in spirit, we rowed ashore after concealing our shovels on the island. It was doubly hard to abandon the search when success had seemed so nearly within our grasp.

We were sitting by the open fire in our room that evening when Sandy straightened himself suddenly in his chair.

"I've got it, Uncle Robert!" he shouted joyously. "We've been on the wrong tack altogether."

Uncle Robert was studying our copy of the clue. "Proceed, my son," said he. But Sandy was too much in earnest to mind chaffing.

"You see," he began, "I've been trying to do as Uncle Robert said and put myself in old Peter's place. I fancied myself stepping ashore, probably about dusk, and looking around for some landmark. Of course he would have landed on the south side, as we did, on account of the

sudden shelving of those pebbly beaches, and of course the most noticeable object on that south coast is—”

“Is that huge boulder just on the edge of the bank!” I cried, with a sudden remembrance of how impressive it was as we landed, and how inconspicuous from any other point of view.

“Exactly,” said Sandy, “and that is the ‘big bo’ -wlder. See?”

“Good!” said Uncle Robert.

“And on the northeast corner, or face, of that rock,” went on Sandy, more excitedly, “we are going to find the marks.”

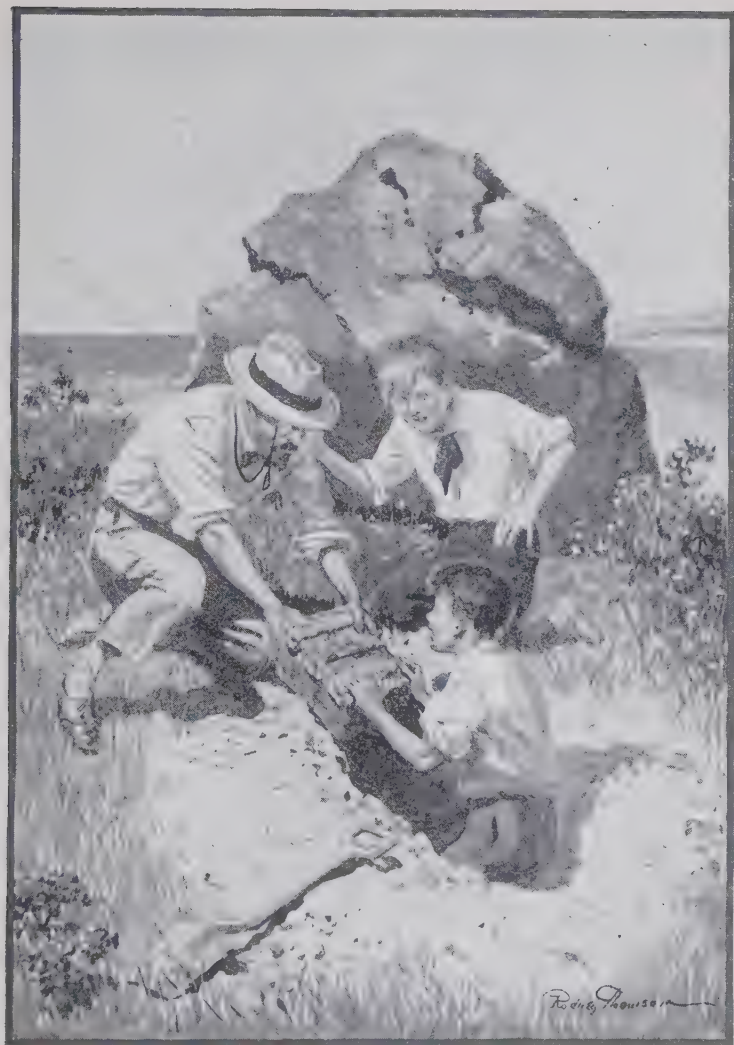
“What marks?” said I, stupidly, but Sandy was too intent on his own train of thought to listen.

“I don’t see,” said he, “why it should say ‘ten miles away.’ I don’t believe that has anything to do with it.”

“You’re right, Sandy,” said Uncle Robert, looking up from the paper. “It has nothing to do with it. This is written in a very common cipher. One in every three words means something; the rest mean nothing. Look here!”

Read thus the clue ran, “Ten feet north of marks, three feet down.”

The next morning when Sandy and I had scrambled quite to the top of the great boulder, we found a smooth surface, slightly sloping and invisible from below. It was



literally the northeast corner of the rock, and extending across it was a succession of deeply cut marks, roughly shaped like arrowheads and pointing, as our compass showed, and as we expected, due north.

In a few minutes we had improvised surveying instruments accurate enough for our purpose, and ten feet to the north, in a straight line with the row of marks, we began to dig. As the hole deepened our excitement grew. Uncle Robert took off his coat and pulled at the knotty roots with eager hands. Three feet down—surely three feet down—when Sandy dropped his spade with a shout.

“I’ve hit it!” he cried. There, in the dark brown earth, was the sharp corner of an iron box. We sprang upon it and dragged it forth into the light. Oh, how heavy it was, and how we exulted as we rowed ashore!

When we were once more in the safe shelter of our own room Sandy ran for hammer and chisel to open the precious box. There was no key, but the padlock was badly rusted and we pried it apart without much difficulty.

The sight that met our eyes was at first disappointing. We had had visions, I suppose, of huge gold and silver coins, shining and beautiful to behold, with possibly diamonds and pearls to fill in the cracks. Instead we saw what seemed to us countless rows of small cylinders wrapped in old newspaper, packed up to the very top of the strong-box. Uncle Robert’s exclamation cheered us a bit as he tore

down one of the wrappers. "Whew!" he ejaculated, "this will keep the young woman from starvation for a week or two."

It was indeed a small fortune that Peter the hermit had hidden in this eccentric fashion, and we were proud and happy boys when we carried it to Miss Evans. To our amazement her smile was a sad one. "Poor old man!" she said. "How many comforts this would have given him, and I am so young and strong!"

"Don't fret," said Uncle Robert, heartily. "Peter took his pleasure in the way he fancied, and now you must enjoy the money with a clear conscience. I am sure that is what he would wish."

Afterwards father said the same thing to the old lawyer. "Why, certainly," said Mr. Haddon.

M. A. L. LANE

WEATHER SONG

When the weather is wet,
 We must not fret,
 When the weather is cold,
 We must not scold,
 When the weather is warm,
 We must not storm,—
 But be thankful together,
 Whatever the weather.

HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS

Dear Uncle Jim, this garden ground
That now you smoke your pipe around,
Has seen immortal actions done
And valiant battles lost and won.

Here we had best on tiptoe tread,
While I for safety march ahead,
For this is that enchanted ground
Where all who loiter slumber sound.

Here is the sea, here is the sand,
Here is simple Shepherd's Land,
Here are the fairy hollyhocks,
And there are Ali Baba's rocks.

But yonder, see! apart and high,
Frozen Siberia lies; where I,
With Robert Bruce and William Tell,
Was bound by an enchanter's spell.

There, then, awhile in chains we lay,
In wintry dungeons, far from day;
But ris'n at length, with might and main,
Our iron fetters burst in twain.



Then all the horns were blown in town;
And, to the ramparts clanging down,
All the giants leaped to horse
And charged behind us through the gorse.

On we rode, the others and I,
Over the mountains blue, and by
The Silver River, the sounding sea,
And the robber woods of Tartary.

A thousand miles we galloped fast,
And down the witches' lane we passed,
And rode amain, with brandished sword,
Up to the middle, through the ford.

Last we drew rein—a weary three—
Upon the lawn, in time for tea,
And from our steeds alighted down
Before the gates of Babylon.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

HUGH JOHN AND THE SCOTS GREYS

On this great day of which I am telling, Hugh John had been digging all the morning in the sand hole. He had on his red coat, which was his pride. Suddenly there came a sound which made the heart of Hugh John beat in his side. It was the low, thrilling reverberation of a drum. He had only time to dash for his cap, gird on his London sword-with-the-gold-hilt, and fly.

As he ran down the avenue the boy had a great struggle with himself. The children were playing house under the elm on the front lawn. He could not bear that they should miss seeing the soldiers; but then, if he went back, the troops might be past before he could reach the gate.

"I must see the soldiers! I must!" he cried. Then he turned toward the house and the elm. "I can't be so mean, though, as to go off without telling them," said he.

And so he ran with all his might back to the elm with a warning cry to the children. Then, with legs almost as invisible as the spokes of a bicycle, so quickly did they pass each other, Hugh John fairly flung himself toward the white gate.

The first who came were soldiers in dark uniforms. No one cast a glance at Hugh John, standing with his drawn sword, giving the salute as each company passed. Not that Hugh John cared or even knew that they did not

see him. Then came redcoats crowned with helmets, and one or two brass bands. Hugh John saluted them all.

No one paid the least attention to him. He did not expect anyone to notice him,—a small, dusty boy with a sword too big for him. Why should these glorious creatures notice him? But he saluted them impartially as they came, and the regiments swung past unregarding.

Then at last came the pipes and the waving tartans. Swinging step, waving plumes, all in review order, on came the famous regiment, every man stepping out with a trained elasticity which went to the boy's heart. Thus and not otherwise did the Black Watch follow their pipers. Hugh John gave a long sigh when they had passed, and the sound of the pipes dulled down the dusky glade. Then came more soldiers, and yet more and more. Would they never end? And ever the sword of Hugh John flashed to the salute, and his small arm grew weary as it rose and fell.

Then happened the most astonishing thing in the world. For there came a new sound,—the clatter of cavalry hoofs. A bugle rang out. Hugh John watched the white dust rise. Perhaps—who knows?—this was his reward for not being mean. For the noble gray horses came trampling along, and Hugh John grew pale at the sight of them. He had seen soldiers before, but never any like these

On they came, a fine young fellow leading them, sitting carelessly on the noblest horse of all. He sat erect, leading "the finest troop in the finest regiment in the

world." He saw the small, dusty boy in the red coat, under the elms. He marked his pale face, his flashing eye, his soldierly bearing. Hugh John had never seen anything so glorious as these soldiers. He could scarce command himself to salute. But though his underlip trembled, the hand which held the sword was steady as he went through the beautiful movements of the military salute which his friend Sergeant Steel had taught him.

The young officer smiled. His own hand moved to the response as if Hugh John had been one of his own troopers. The boy's heart stood still. Could this thing be? A real soldier had saluted him!

But there was something more wonderful yet to come. The young officer will never do a prettier action than he did that day, when the small, dusty boy stood under the elm trees at the end of the avenue. This is what he did. First, he turned about in his saddle: "Attention, men! draw swords!" he cried; and his voice rang like a trumpet, so grand it was—at least, so Hugh John thought.

There came a glitter of steel as the swords flashed into line. The horses tossed their heads at the stirring sound; the men gathered up their bridle reins in their left hands.

"Eyes right, carry swords!" came again the sharp command. And every blade glittered as it came to the salute. It could not have been better done for a field marshal.

No fuller cup of joy was ever drunk by mortal. The tears welled up in Hugh John's eyes in the pride of this

honor done to him. He was no longer a little, dusty boy. He stood there, glorified.

"Eyes front, slope swords!" rang the voice once more. The troops passed by. Only the far drumbeat came back as he stood speechless and motionless.

When his father rode up, on his way home, he saw the boy and asked what he was doing there. Then a little clicking hitch came suddenly in Hugh John's throat. He wanted to laugh, but somehow instead the tears ran down his cheeks, and he gasped out a word or two which sounded like somebody else's voice.

"I'm not hurt, father. I'm not crying. It was only that the Scots Greys saluted me. And I *can't* help it, father. But I'm not crying. I'm not, indeed!"

Then the stern man gathered up the great soldier and set him across his saddle; for Hugh John was alone, the children having long ago gone back with the nurse. And his father did not say anything, but let him sit in front with the famous sword in his hands which had brought about such wonderful things. And even thus rode our hero home.

S. R. CROCKETT (Abridged)

THE COUNTRY WEEK OF JOB AND JOGGINS

The three o'clock train had whistled at the curve. Mrs. Luvilla Whey dried her dishmop and hung it on the nail above the clean sink. She took off her striped gingham apron and sat down in the rocking-chair.

"I do declare!" she said. "I feel a sinkin' in the pit of my stomach."

"Why, Luvilla!" said Mr. Whey.

"Yes, I do. It came all over me when I heard the train blow, how we're in for it now. Well, Jonathan Whey, you might as well run right along and meet that there train. I wouldn't like the little feller to feel lonesome, hunting of his way here."

"Yes, Luvilla," said Mr. Whey. He looked into his old wife's motherly face; it was shining and soft. What did words matter? Her heart was as large and as soft as the June sky that hung over the fields where the hay was waiting for the mowers; it was large enough to give a city boy a country week and make no fuss about it—except to Mr. Whey.

"I wonder what on earth I've got to stop his mouth with?" mused Mrs. Whey.

She got a kitchen chair and stood on it to reach the upper pantry shelves.

"One piece of dried-apple pie and some cold shortcake. A tart. And there's a little saucerful of wild straw-

berries left over. 'Taint much, but maybe it'll keep him goin' till supper time. Whatever did possess me—and a boy, too!"

"Land, Jonathan Whey! You scairt the soul and senses out of me—is this *him*?"

For Jonathan Whey stood in the pantry doorway, gingerly holding by the elbow a boy.

It was a very ragged elbow. It was a very ragged boy. He was not clean. He was not handsome. He was freckled and pudgy, and his hair was the reddest red that ever burned upon a human brow. He had a shrewd, hard mouth. He seemed to be taking Mrs. Whey's measure, as if he were driving a trade.

"Well, boy," said Mrs. Whey, faintly.

"His name is Job," suggested Mr. Whey.

"Good Bible name," remarked Mrs. Whey, in a stronger tone. Job grinned.

"What do you look that way for?" demanded Mrs. Whey, with some severity.

"Dunno," said Job, growing sober at once. "We allers do, I guess. We ain't pious, newsboys ain't. But I didn't mean nothin'."

"There must have been some piety in your family, anyhow," persisted his hostess. "Did your mother name you?"

"Never had one."

"Remarkable!" said Mrs. Whey. "Was it your father, then?"

"Never had a father."

"Some aunt, then, I suppose," said Mrs. Whey. "I didn't know you were an orphan. Won't you have a tart? There's one left."

"You bet!" said Job.

He ate the tart. He ate the saucer of wild strawberries. He drank a cup of milk and then drank another, and then he ate two slices of bread and butter, and then three pieces of ham and a Graham biscuit; and *then* Mrs. Whey asked him if he thought he could wait till supper time, and Job said, "Are we goin' to have supper *too*?"

And for the first time Job regarded his hostess tenderly. He looked her straight in the face—a long, critical, old look—and turned away on tiptoe and went and sat down on the back doorsteps. Then for the first time Mrs. Whey saw that the boy had pleasant eyes. Yes, in spite of it all, he had pleasant eyes.

"He's the *dirtiest* thing that ever set foot in my house," said Mrs. Whey, in an undertone; "but I suppose that's the fault of his relations. If you'll take him to the brook and—here! Take a new bar of soap! You just keep it for him same as you do for the dog. Don't you dare mix it up with the dishwater soap, Jonathan Whey! And I'll go right away and set that fowl to bake for a chicken

pie. There's a terrible feeling at the pit of my stomach—but I do declare! I shouldn't wonder if there was a worse in his."

"He isn't much to look at," admitted Mr. Whey, slowly. "But I guess we can stand him for a week."

Job was in heaven on earth. Glory shone on his red head; ecstasy sat upon his freckled face; delirious joy rang in his shrill voice. He laughed, he shouted, he ran, he stumbled—up again—off again—over the garden, after the cattle, down in the hayfield, astride the old horse, after the dog—splash! in the brook, up in the cherry tree, down in the daisies, picking the currants—where was Job? And what was Job? The happiest, maddest, merriest, and best-natured boy that ran wild that June week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Whey looked at him with shining faces. So much human joy crowded into so little compass and for so little cause, it had never fallen to their lot to witness.

They laid little plans to amuse the lad. They schemed to make him happy. Then a strange thing happened. The boy, of his own will, came with hanging head before the two old people and said: "Gotter go back tomorrer."

"Got to go *back*?"

"Yep," said Job.

"But your week isn't up yet. You've got four days more. What's the matter?"

"Gotter go," said Job, in a stifled voice. His red head drooped upon the clean little blue calico shirt which Mrs. Whey had made over for him out of an old one of her husband's.

"Ain't you having a good time?" demanded the farmer, severely.

"Hain't you had enough to eat?" said Mrs. Whey, sternly.

"You bet!" said Job, almost inaudibly. His head fell lower and lower till it dropped into his small, rough hands. He repeated in a whisper: "Gotter go!"

"Look up here!" commanded the old lady. "I want to see your face."

Job tried to obey, for he had obeyed her very prettily all these days; he lifted his face; his mouth worked; a spasm crossed his little guarded features.

"Why, he's crying!" said Mrs. Whey.

"I ain't n-nuther!" sobbed Job. "I n-n-never cr-cried in me b-bor-born days! I ain't sech a f-fl-flat!"

Therewith Job sank down in the rocking-chair with the bony back and the thin red cushion, and cried as if his heart would break.

"I'm a th-th-thief!" wailed Job. "Gotter go! I'm a corntemppible thief! D'orgher be sent up. No business yere along of you. Gotter go!"

Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Whey looked each other timidly in the eye. The old lady turned pale.

"Don't tell me its my old silver cream-jug with the piny pattern! Or is it mother's watch? It must be that five-dollar bill under the china dog onto the parlor mantelpiece! If you'll tell," she blazed, "I won't do a thing to you! I won't—no, I *can't* arrest you, you poor little, motherless, miser'ble—"

Then in holy anger up rose little Job. The tears dried on his hot cheeks. The fire flashed to his wet eyes. He drew himself to the full of his stunted height. He clenched his hands across his heaving breast. He lifted his head proudly.

"*Ma'am?*" said he. "Did ye think I'd steal—from *you*? Did ye s'pose I'd take—from *our house*?" The child choked. "After them nights in that soft feather bed—with the sheet to it? An' bein' let to drive the hoss—an' all that *pie*? *Ma'am!* MA'AM!"

Job's voice faltered. It was Mrs. Whey's turn to hang her head before the country-week boy. And she did it, too.

"I wouldn't have believed it of yer, ma'am," said Job, turning away. "Gotter go *now*, anyways. Good-by, ma'am! Good-by, mister! I've had a bully visit, thank you. But I don't steal from folks that looks out for me."

"What in—what in—what did you steal, then?" demanded the farmer, hotly, standing to bar the boy's way. "If you've gotter go, we've gotter know."

"I stole a week," said Job, in a dull voice.

"Stole a *what*?"

"Stole a week. I took a feller's ticket. I ain't the boy. I stole my country week."

Job came out with it stolidly. Misery sat upon his freckled face.

"He was a little feller," admitted Job, stoutly, "smaller'n me. He got a ticket from the s'ci'ty to come out yere. I pushed him, and I borried it into me pocket. He cried, 'n' I said I'd lick him if he told. So he cried, 'n' I cleared out. And I'm here. And I ain't the boy. I stole the week. I'm a corntemppible, sneakin' thief 'n' I've gotter go."

"This is very sad," said Mr. Whey, mildly.

"He's a sorter lame feller, too," proceeded Job, making a clean breast of it. "His name's Joggins. Fellers call him Joggins 'cause he don't walk edzackly like other men. I gotter go. Joggins, he's gotter come. Guess I'll take the ten minutes past seven train," added Job, forlornly. "That'll be right after supper. I *would* like *one* more supper. Then I'll—I'll go back. I'll hunt the feller up. Guess I'll get him yere by breakfast. Pity for him to lose a breakfast! He don't get one every day, you bet."

"Job," said the farmer's wife, "why didn't you think of this before?"

"Why," said Job, "I didn't s'pose I'd mind it any! Us boys don't mind such things. I didn't when I fust come. But when it come to ridin' on the hay-cart—and you *know* how our dog plays with the cows! I never see sech

a dog, did you? An' Joggins has a takin' for a dog. An' he never *seen* a hay-cart! So I began to think of Joggins. Wust time of all was fambly prayers," admitted Job.

"What had family prayers to do with it?" asked Mr. Whey.

"Dunno," said Job. "Can't say. I thought of Joggins, that's all. Wouldn't ha' knelt along of the rest, if ye hadn't made me—'cause it made me think of Joggins."

Mr. and Mrs. Whey looked at each other in silent trouble. The old man's eyes said, "Can we let him go?" But the old lady's replied, "Afraid we ought to."

"How—how do you expect to get Joggins here?" faltered Mrs. Whey. "Your railroad ticket out is used up."

"Oh," said Job, carelessly, "I've got twenty-seven cents laid up. Savin' it for papers when I went back. Guess I ken boost Joggins out on a half-ticket; that'll leave me seven cents to buy stock. Say, you'll meet the little feller at the depot, won't you, sir? Same as you met me."

So Job went back to town before his country week was over; he went stoutly and manfully; and Joggins came in his place; and Mr. Whey went dolefully to meet Joggins at the depot, for he had promised; and Mrs. Whey sadly offered Joggins a tart and dried-apple pie. And Joggins—who was a very pale, little, homely, piteous lad—limped about the hayfield, and rolled in the daisies, and played with the dog, and slept in the feathers in the white bed, and so came into paradise.

But Job sold papers in the town. And the thermometer went to ninety-eight degrees in the shade and did not fall below ninety degrees day or night.

One blazing day Jonathan Whey put on his best clothes and took his ticket-book and said he was going into town to look at a new haying-machine he'd seen advertised. Mrs. Whey told him he would have a sunstroke.

"Fact is, Luvilla," he admitted slowly, "I'm going to hunt up Joggins's folks."

"Joggins," said Mrs. Whey, thoughtfully, an hour after, "does Mr. Whey know where your folks live?"

"I should smile!" said Joggins. "Why, Job says he screwed everythin' he ever knowed out'n him afore he come away. He ain't no lamb, Mr. Whey ain't. *He* knows what he's up to, Mr. Whey do."

"Dear me!" mused Mrs. Whey, who had never regarded her husband in this precise light, "and where *do* you live?"

"Holy Alley," said Joggins, smiling sweetly.

"And where did Job live?" asked Mrs. Whey, without a smile.

"He don't live nowhere in partikkelar," said Joggins, "but he puts up a good deal in a hogshead in Saints' Rest."

Mrs. Whey tried not to look at all shocked; but she failed distinctly. Do the best she could, she had never "taken" to Joggins. Job had her first country-week heart, and it ached for Job.

The sun was going down, red and hot. The five-o'clock train stopped at Hurricane Centre. Mr. Whey walked slowly home. He came across lots to the hayfield, in the soft, cool grass. Then he climbed the stone wall and came behind the pump and went up to the back door. There he stood still.

Mrs. Whey, in her gingham apron, was making ice-cream in the pantry. Joggins, the image of ecstasy, was helping her to turn the freezer. Neither of them looked around at first. Then Mrs. Whey said pleasantly: "Back again, Jonathan? I'm glad you've—O *Job!*"

For Job stood beside the farmer, in the little blue shirt that she had made for him; Job, dusty and grimy and freckled, and red of head. But for the first time in his life he had turned dead white for joy.

"Hello, Job," cried Joggins, limping out.

"Hello, Joggins," said Job.

The two boys regarded each other like two little dogs. Each wondered if the other's presence would turn him out.

"Mercy upon us!" cried Mrs. Whey.

"I couldn't stand it," said the master of the house, simply. "I've brought the young one back."

"What did Joggins's folks say?" asked Mrs. Whey, slyly.

"I'll tell you when he ain't present," replied Mr. Whey. "They won't trouble him any."

"And what did Job's folks say?"

"He hasn't got any to say."

"I *told* ye so," interrupted Job.

"And I took your word for it," said the old man, clearly.

"Anyhow, I've brought the lad home again."

"Are you going to send 'tother one off?" asked Mrs. Whey.

"I hadn't thought on't," observed the farmer. "I reckon they'll stay a spell and help me till haying's over. But that's for you to say, Luvilla."

"Sit down, Job," said Mrs. Whey, with unexpected emphasis. "Have a saucer of that ice cream right away. It gives me a feeling at the pit of my stomach to look at him," she whispered. "He's the *hottest* lookin' critter that ever set foot in my house!"

Job ate the ice cream. He sat in the old chair with the bony back and red cushion. He rocked to and fro in delirious joy. He thought of the white room upstairs and the feather bed. Oh, what places he had slept in since!

The dog came bounding in from driving the cows, and kissed poor Job all over. Joggins laughed with shrill delight over the ice cream. Mrs. Whey said, "There now! Have mercy upon us!" And Mr. Whey said, "Why, Luvilla!" And which was the happiest soul of them—the old souls or the young ones—in that cool house that hot June night, only the angels, who bring such beautiful things to pass in our hard world, can say.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

THREE QUESTIONS

It once occurred to a certain king that if he always knew the right time to begin everything, if he knew who were the right people to listen to and whom to avoid, and, above all, if he always knew what was the most important thing to do, he could never fail in anything he might undertake.

And, this thought having occurred to him, he had it proclaimed throughout his kingdom that he would give a great reward to anyone who would teach him what was the right time for every action, and who were the most necessary people, and how he might know what was the most important thing to do.

And learned men came to the king, but they all answered his questions differently.

All the answers being different, the king agreed with none of them and gave the reward to none. But, still wishing to find the right answers to his questions, he decided to consult a hermit widely renowned for his wisdom.

The hermit lived in a wood which he never quitted, and he received none but common folk. So the king put on simple clothes and before reaching the hermit's cell dismounted from his horse and, leaving his bodyguard behind, went on alone.

When the king approached, the hermit was digging the ground in front of his hut. Seeing the king, he greeted him

and went on digging. The hermit was frail and weak, and each time he stuck his spade into the ground and turned a little earth he breathed heavily.

The king went up to him and said: "I have come to you, wise hermit, to ask you three questions: How can I learn to do the right thing at the right time? Who are the people I most need, and to whom, therefore, should I pay more attention than to the rest? And what affairs are the most important and need my first attention?"

The hermit listened to the king, but answered nothing. He just spat on his hands and recommenced digging.

"You are tired," said the king, "let me take the spade and work awhile for you."

"Thanks!" said the hermit, and, giving the spade to the king, he sat down on the ground.

When he had dug two beds, the king stopped and repeated his questions. The hermit again gave no answer, but rose, stretched out his hand for the spade, and said, "Now rest awhile and let me work a bit."

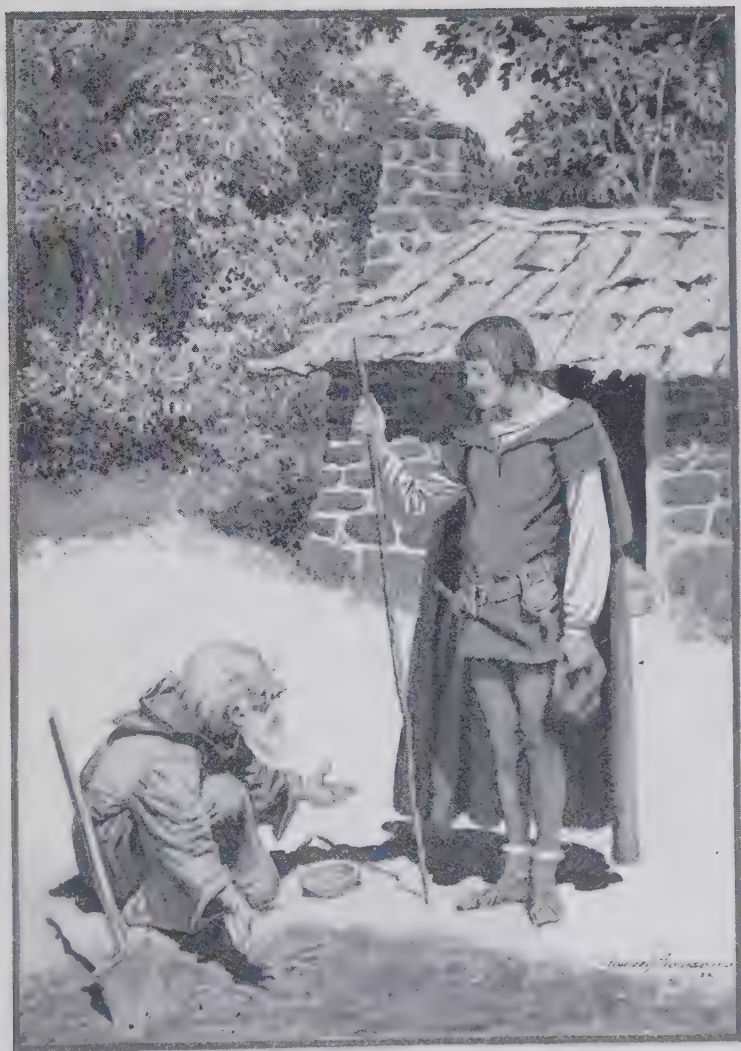
The king did not give up the spade, but continued to dig. One hour passed, and another. The sun began to sink behind the trees, and the king at last stuck the spade into the ground and said: "I came to you, wise man, for an answer to my questions. If you can give me none, tell me so, and I will return home."

"Here comes someone running," said the hermit. "Let us see who it is."

The king turned round and saw a bearded man come running out of the wood. The man held his hands pressed against his side, and blood was flowing from under them. When he reached the king, he fell fainting on the ground, moaning feebly. The king and the hermit unfastened the man's clothing. There was a large wound in his side. The king washed it as best he could, and bandaged it with his handkerchief and with a towel the hermit had. But the blood would not stop flowing, and the king again and again washed and rebandaged the wound. When at last the blood ceased flowing, the man revived and asked for something to drink. The king brought fresh water and gave it to him. Meanwhile the sun had set and it had become cool. So the king, with the hermit's help, carried the wounded man into the hut and laid him on the bed. Lying on the bed the man closed his eyes and was quiet, but the king was so tired with his walk and with the work he had done that he crouched down on the threshold and also fell asleep—so soundly that he slept all through the short summer night. When he awoke in the morning, it was long before he could remember where or who he was, or who was the strange bearded man lying on the bed and gazing intently at him with shining eyes.

"Forgive me!" said the bearded man in a weak voice, when he saw that the king was awake.

"I do not know you and have nothing to forgive you for," said the king.



"You do not know me," replied the stranger, "but I know you. I am that enemy of yours who swore to revenge himself on you because you executed his brother and seized his property. I knew you had gone alone to see the hermit, and I resolved to kill you on your way back. But the day passed and you did not return. So I came out from my ambush to find you, and I came upon your bodyguard, who recognized and wounded me. I escaped from them, but I should have bled to death if you had not dressed my wound. I wished to kill you, and you have saved my life. Now, if I live, and if you wish to have me, I will serve you all my life as your most faithful slave and will bid my sons do the same. Forgive me!"

The king was very glad to have made peace with his enemy so easily and to have gained him for a friend. He not only forgave him but said that he would send his servants and his own physician to attend him, and promised to restore his property.

Having taken leave of the wounded man, the king went out on the porch and looked around for the hermit. Before going away he wished once more to beg an answer to the questions he had put. The hermit was outside, on his knees, sowing seeds in the beds that had been dug the day before.

The king approached him and said to him, "For the last time I beseech you to answer my three questions, wise man."

"You have already been answered!" said the hermit, still crouching on his thin legs and looking up at the king, who stood before him.

"How answered? What do you mean?" asked the king.

"Do you not see?" replied the hermit. "If you had not pitied my weakness yesterday, and had not dug these beds for me, but had gone your way, that man would have attacked you, and you would have repented of not having stayed with me. So the most important time was when you were digging the beds, and I was the most important man, and to do me good was your most important business. Afterwards, when that man ran to us, the most important time was when you were attending to him, for if you had not bound up his wounds he would have died without having made peace with you. So he was the most important man, and what you did for him was your most important business. Remember, then, there is only one time that is important—now! It is the most important time because it is the only time when we have any power. The most necessary man is he with whom you are, for no man knows whether he will ever have dealings with anyone else; and the most important affair is to do him good, because for that purpose alone was man sent into this life."

LEO TOLSTOI

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trummings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,



Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
 The harbingers of victory!

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Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
 By angel hands to valor given;
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

There is the national flag! He must be cold indeed who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship and country itself with all its endearments.

Who, as he sees it, can think of a state merely? Whose eyes, once fastened upon its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation?

It has been called a floating piece of poetry, and yet I know not if it have an intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence.

CHARLES SUMNER

HEREWARD AND THE BEAR

I

And there Hereward lived, doubtless happily enough, fighting and hunting deer, so that as yet the pains and penalties of exile did not press very hardly upon him.

The handsome, petulant, good-humored lad had become in a few weeks a great favorite with Gilbert's ladies, and the envy of all his knights and gentlemen.

Hereward the singer, harp-player, dancer, Hereward the rider and hunter, was in all mouths. But he himself was discontented at having as yet fallen in with no adventure worthy of a man.

He looked curiously and longingly at the wild beasts inclosed in strong wooden cages, which Gilbert kept in one corner of the great courtyard. They were kept to try the mettle of the young gentlemen who were candidates for the honor of knighthood.

But after looking over the bulls and stags, wolves and bears, Hereward settled it in his mind that there was none worthy of his steel save one huge white bear whom no man had yet dared to face. Hereward, indeed, had never seen him, hidden as he was all day within an old house of stone which had been turned into a den for him.

There was a mystery about the brute which charmed Hereward. He was said to be half human, perhaps wholly

human, to be a son of the Fairy Bear. He had, like his fairy father, iron claws; he had human intellect and understood human speech and the arts of war,—at least, so all in the place believed.

For the brown bear, and much more the white, was, among the Northern nations, a creature magical and super-human. "He is God's dog," whispered the Lapp, and called him "the old man in the fur cloak," afraid to use his right name, for fear of the bear's overhearing and avenging the insult.

"He has twelve men's strength and eleven men's wit," sang the Norseman.

Terrible was the brown bear, but more terrible "the white sea-deer," as the Saxons called him,—the whale's bane, the seal's dread, the rider of the iceberg, the sailor of the floe, who ranged for his prey under the six months' night.

To slay him was a feat worthy of Beowulf's¹ self, and the greatest wonder among all the wealth of Crowland was the twelve white bearskins which lay before the altars, the gift of the great Canute.

How Gilbert had obtained his white bear and why he kept him there was a mystery over which men shook their heads. Again and again Hereward asked his host to let him try his strength against the monster of the North.

¹ The hero of an Anglo-Saxon poem of the same name. Beowulf slew Grendel and his mother, monsters of the fens.

Again and again the shrieks of the ladies, and Gilbert's own pity for the youth, brought a refusal.

But Hereward settled it in his heart that somehow or other, when Christmas-time came round, he would extract from Gilbert leave to fight that bear, and then either make himself a name or die like a man.

Meanwhile Hereward made a friend. Among all the ladies of Gilbert's household, however kind they were inclined to be to him, he took a fancy only to one, a little girl ten years old.

Alftruda was her name. He liked to amuse himself with this child. Between the English lad and the English maiden grew up in a few weeks a strong friendship.

II

Hereward was coming in one afternoon from hunting, with his servant, Martin Lightfoot, trotting behind. On reaching the courtyard gates he was aware of screams and shouts within, tumult and terror among man and beast.

Hereward tried to force his horse in at the gate. The beast stopped and turned, snorting with fear. And no wonder, for in the midst of the courtyard stood the Fairy Bear.

His white mane was bristled till he seemed twice as big as any of the sober brown bears which Hereward yet had seen. His long snake neck and cruel jaws were wreathing about in search of prey.

A dead horse, its back broken by a single blow of the paw, and two or three writhing dogs showed what the beast had done.

The courtyard was utterly empty. But from the ladies' bower came shrieks and shouts, not only of women but of men, and, knocking at the bower door, adding her screams to those inside, was a little white figure which Hereward recognized as Alftruda's.

They had shut themselves inside, leaving the child out, and now dared not open the door as the bear swung and rolled toward it, looking savagely right and left for a fresh victim.

Hereward leaped from his horse and, drawing his sword, rushed forward with a shout which made the bear turn round.

He looked once back at the child, then round again at Hereward, and, making up his mind to take the largest morsel first, made straight at him with a growl which there was no mistaking.

He was within two paces; then he rose on his hind legs, a head and shoulders taller than Hereward, and lifted the iron talons high in air. Hereward knew that there was but one spot at which to strike, and he struck true and strong, before the iron paw could fall, right on the muzzle of the monster.

He heard the dull crash of the steel; he felt the sword jammed tight. He shut his eyes for an instant, fearing



lest, as in dreams, his blow had come to nought—lest his sword had turned aside, or melted like water in his hand, and the next moment would find him crushed to earth, blinded and stunned.

Something tugged at his sword. He opened his eyes and saw the huge carcass bend, reel, roll slowly over to one side, dead, tearing out of his hand the sword, which was firmly fixed into the skull.

Hereward stood a while staring at the beast like a man astonished at what he had done. He had had his first adventure, and he had conquered. He was now a champion in his own right,—a hero of the heroes, one who might take rank, if he went on, beside Beowulf.

He had done this deed. What was there after this which he might not do? And he stood there in the fullness of his pride, staring, and dreaming over renown to come, a true pattern of the half-savage hero of those rough times.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

THE WEST

Men look to the East for the dawning things, for the
light of a rising sun,

But they look to the West, to the crimson West, for the
things that are done, are done.

The eastward sun is a new-made hope from the dark of
the night distilled;

But the westward sun is a sunset sun, is the sun of a
hope fulfilled!

So out of the East they have always come, the cradle
that saw the birth

Of all of the heart-warm hopes of man and all of the
hopes of earth—

For out of the East arose a Christ and out of the East
has gleamed

The dearest dream and the clearest dream that ever a
prophet dreamed.

And into the waiting West they go with the dream-child
of the East,

And find the hopes that they hoped of old are a hundred-
fold increased.

For here in the East we dream our dreams of the things
we hope to do,

And here in the West, the crimson west, the dreams of
the East come true!

DOUGLAS MALLOCH

ROBIN HOOD AND THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS

I

One morning in the month of May, when leaves were green and birds were singing on every tree, Robin Hood was riding toward Nottingham. As he went along the highway, and heard the linnet singing blithely on the bough, he began for very joy to sing himself, and this is what he sang:

“There are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May,
Is the merry month of May.”

All at once his tune was abruptly stopped, right in the middle of the word “merry,” for as he came around a bend in the road he saw an old woman sitting by the wayside, weeping bitterly.

Robin could never pass anyone who was in trouble. As he came up to her he called, “What news, what news, my good woman? Why art thou weeping?”

“There are three squires in Nottingham town who are condemned to die this day,—and they are my sons,” she answered, sobbing.

“Have they burned parishes, or slain ministers, or robbed maidens, or stolen any man’s wife, that they deserve this death?” asked Robin.

"Nay, nay, good sir; they have not burned parishes, nor slain ministers, nor robbed maidens, nor stolen any man's wife; they are my sons, sir, and good honest lads."

"Then what have they done? Pray tell me!"

"They have carried longbows like thine, and with them they have slain the king's deer, and it is for this they must die," said the old woman, and she began to weep again.

"Thou hast told me in good time," said Robin, with an angry light in his eye; "and now I pray thee, good dame, weep not so bitterly, for I will go myself to Nottingham, and we shall see if we cannot bring them back to you safely."

So the old woman dried her tears and sat down by the wayside, while Robin rode on toward Nottingham, but this time he did not sing a merry song as he went.

II

Now Robin is to Nottingham gone,
 All on this bright May day.
 There did he meet with an old palmer,
 Who was walking along the highway.

As Robin came near to the outskirts of Nottingham town he met an old man whom he knew from his garb to be a palmer; that is, a pilgrim who has been on a long journey to prove his piety. The old man's robe was tattered and torn, and he leaned on his staff as he plodded

along with downcast eyes. Robin hailed him, calling, "What news, what news, my good old man?"

"No news, but that three squires in Nottingham town are condemned to die this day."

"But that is the very news about which I wished to know," said Robin, "and if that is really true, I must ask thee, old man, to change garments with me."

The old man stood still in the road and stared at the handsome stranger in his doublet of Lincoln green as if he could not believe his ears.

"Come, come," said Robin; "wilt thou not do it? If thou wilt, here is forty shillings in silver for thee."

"But your apparel is good," said the old man, "and mine is ragged and torn. Young man, I tell you, it ill becomes you to laugh an old man to scorn."

"Come, come, I mean it, old churl," said Robin, impatiently, "and I have no time to spare. Here are thy forty shillings, but do thou make all speed to change thine apparel for mine."

The old palmer took off his tattered garments with all the haste his trembling fingers would allow, and Robin hastily arrayed himself in the pilgrim's garb. He put on the queer old hat which was very high in the crown, and over his jerkin he swung the old man's cloak. It was patched with black and blue and red, but Robin cared not for that. Round his neck he hung the bags in which the palmer was wont to store away all the scraps of food

and bits of bread that were given to him as he begged along his way.

"This is the bag for meal," said the old man, "and this for malt, and this for barley and corn; and here I have a bag for bread and a bag for beef, and here is one bag to spare."

"Ah!" said Robin; "I'll take that for my trusty horn," and he slipped it into the cover.

Then he put on the breeches, which were patched in front and back, and last of all he slipped on the hose, which had gaping holes and queer-looking patches from the ankle to the knee.

"Verily, if this were not a serious matter," said Robin, as he looked himself over in his new costume, "I could laugh heartily at myself, but I have no desire to."

Then he put on the old man's shoes, and they were patched both above and below, and if one of his own men had come along then, I doubt if he would have known him.

"By my faith," said Robin, "I have often heard it said that 'tis the dress that makes the man,' and now I do swear it is a true saying."

And he set off at a brisk stride for Nottingham town, but when he came inside the walls he remembered that he must walk like an old man, and he paced along the main street of the town with his head bent, but keeping a sharp outlook under his queer old hat to see what was happening.

III

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham come,
All on this bright May morn,
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
Who was walking about the town.

"Heaven bless thee, sir sheriff, for all thy charity," murmured Robin from under his pilgrim's hat as he met the sheriff stalking proudly along the main street of the town.

"And you, my good old man," replied the sheriff, "what can I do for you today?"

"What wilt thou give to an old man who will be thy hangman today?"

"I'll give thee a suit of clothes, of which thou art surely in sore need," said the sheriff, looking at the cloak with its black and blue and red patches; "and thirteen pence besides, which is nowadays a hangman's fee."

"Thirteen pence to hang three men on the gallows," muttered Robin to himself; "in faith, a man's life is not held dear in this town. But I'll do it,—I'll be thy hangman," he added aloud, and at the thought of how well his ruse had succeeded he gave a caper of delight.

"By my faith, that is well jumped, my nimble old man," said the sheriff, eying him sternly.

"Thou must remember, good sheriff," said Robin, "that I have got a new trade, and such a fine one at that! Think of being a hangman and hanging men for thirteen pence a day!"

"On my soul, thou art a silly fellow," said the sheriff.

At the appointed hour of high noon, Robin stood in his pilgrim's cloak, all patched with black and blue and red, by the gallows, and by his side stood the sheriff in gay doublet and hose, for had he not caught three of the bold men who were killing the king's deer, and would not this be a lesson to that insolent fellow, Robin Hood, who had led him a fool's chase into the greenwood not many weeks since? As the sheriff looked at the three tall young fellows whom the constable led forth, his heart did not once mis-give him. Rather he held his proud head a little higher.

But it was not so with the people who gathered about in the open space at the edge of the town where the gallows had been built. They gazed on the fine, sturdy yeomen who were so soon to meet their death, and they murmured among themselves that they were brave, manly youths, and it would be a shame to hang them for killing a deer when they and their widowed mother had been near to starving. And the people eyed the hangman in his queer, patched gown, and one said to another, "I would not be in his shoes this day," and the other whispered back, "Nor I,—and a pilgrim, too. It is strange he would do it."

And Robin looked on the three brave lads who stood before him, and saw they were like their mother in face and feature, and as he thought of her sitting by the wayside, weeping, his heart swelled with indignation at the

proud sheriff who cared not for the common people and their sorrows, but only wanted to fill his own pockets.

"Shall I hear their confession before they die?" said Robin to the sheriff.

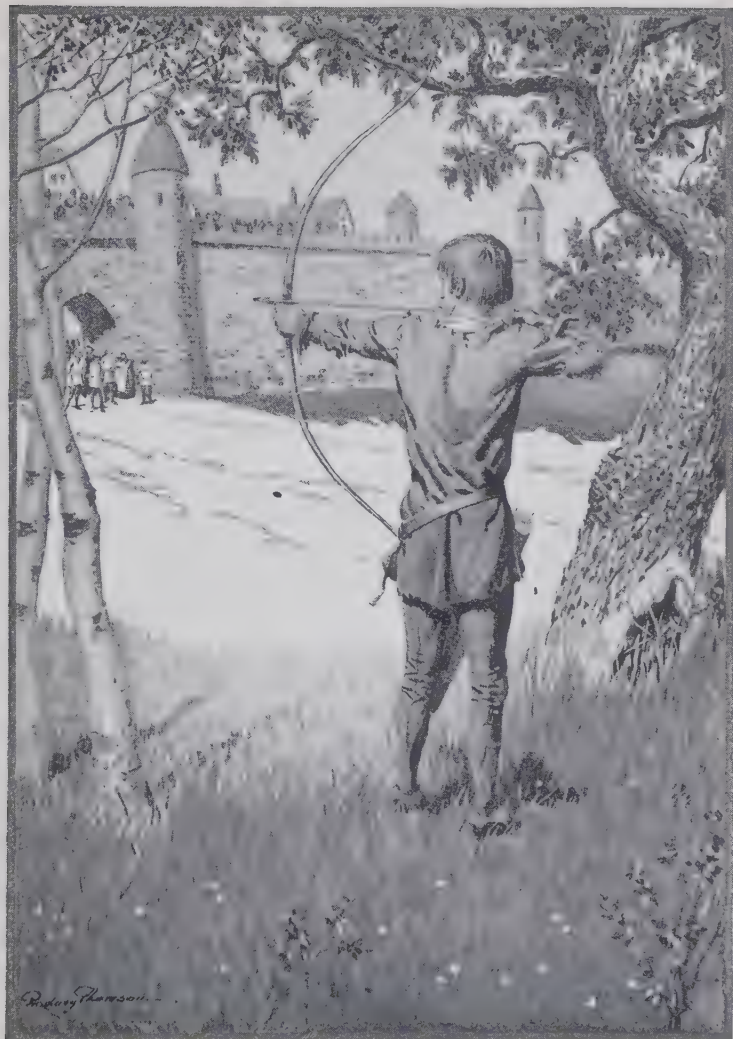
"Yes, yes, if you wish," answered the sheriff, impatiently. "I care not what you do."

All the people crowded round as Robin walked up to the three gallant yeomen, but Robin waved them away.

"Stand back! stand back!" quoth Robin. "By my faith, it is an odd custom that one man should hear another's confession."

The sheriff and the people fell back a few paces and Robin spoke a few words to each of the yeomen in turn, and each replied to him. What Robin said was, "When I say 'Now,' do you make for the greenwood," and as he passed each man he slipped the knot that bound his hands behind his back. What the yeomen said I leave you to imagine, but they were wise and knew that they must not let the joy which they felt show in their faces. So they stood with their heads bowed and their hands behind them until Robin turned to the people and said: "I am ready. Make a way, good people, through which these men may pass. Now!"

And at the word the three yeomen ran with all their speed through the aisle which the people had made, and Robin went after them in his pilgrim's cloak. The sheriff and the people were so surprised that they stood still for



a full minute, staring at the backs of the fleeing men. At last one of them had the presence of mind to send an arrow after them, but by this time Robin Hood had gained the shelter of the woods, and as he felt the arrow whiz past him he turned and called, "The first man who moves one foot forward or draws his bow, dies by my hand."

In his haste he had thrown off his cloak and high hat, and when he turned and drew his longbow the people knew him and shouted, "'Tis Robin Hood! 'tis Robin Hood!"

The sheriff made himself purple in the face shouting, "After him! after him!" but he himself moved not an inch, nor did any of his men, for well they knew that Robin Hood was as good as his word, and they cared not to risk his skill as an archer.

When Robin knew by the crackling of leaves in the distance that the yeomen had fled far into the safe retreats of the greenwood, he turned and strode away among the trees. And the people went to their homes, and although they dared not say so aloud, many a man rejoiced that the three brave lads had escaped, and many a woman thought, with a happy smile on her face, of the poor widow who by this time had her three sons again.

And away they went to the merry greenwood,
And sang with a merry glee;
And Robin Hood took these brethren good
To be of his yeomanry.

MARION F. LANSING

A SONG OF SHERWOOD

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Gray and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake,
Shadows of a dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June:
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon,
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting
 spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs:
Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep!
 Marian is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?
 Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
 Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
 Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
 And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
 With quarter-staff and drinking-can and gray goose-
 feather.
 The dead are coming back again, the years are
 rolled away
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows.
 All the heart of England hid in every rose
 Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
 Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
 And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
 Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men—
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day—

Calls them and they answer: from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to
crash,

The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly,
And through the crimson dawning the robber band
goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

ALFRED NOYES

THE BOY SOLDIER

The eldest of the Captain's children was a boy. He was named Robert, after his grandfather. He was a fair, fine boy, tall and stout for his age, with the Captain's regular features and the Captain's firm step and martial bearing.

He was apt to hold his own will to be other people's law, and this opinion was devoutly shared by his little brother Nicholas.

Though the Captain had left the army, Robert continued to command a force of volunteers in the nursery, and never was colonel more despotic.

His brothers and sister were by turn infantry, cavalry, engineers, and artillery, according to his whim, and when his affection finally settled upon the Black Watch, no female power could compel him to keep his stockings above his knees or his knickerbockers below them.

The Captain alone was a match for his strong-willed son.

"If you please, sir," said Sarah, one morning, flouncing in upon the Captain just as he was about to start for a neighboring town; "if you please, sir, I wish you'd speak to Master Robert. He's past my powers."

"I've no doubt of it," thought the Captain, but he only said, "Well, what's the matter?"

"Night after night do I put him to bed," said Sarah,

"and night after night does he get up as soon as I'm out of the room and says he's an orderly officer for the evening, and goes about in his nightshirt and his feet as bare as boards."

The Captain fingered his heavy mustache to hide a smile, but he listened patiently to Sarah's complaint.

"It isn't so much *him* I should mind, sir," she continued, "but he goes round the beds and wakes up the other young gentlemen and Miss Dora, one after another, and when I speak to him he gives me all the sauce he can lay his tongue to and says he's going round the guards."

"The other night I tried to put him back in his bed, but he got away and ran all over the house, me hunting him everywhere, till he jumps out on me from the garret stairs, and nearly knocks me down. 'I've visited the out-posts, Sarah,' says he: 'all's well.' And off he goes to bed as bold as brass."

"Have you spoken to your mistress?" asks the Captain.

"Yes, sir," said Sarah. "And missis spoke to him, and he promised not to go round the guards again."

"Has he broken his promise?" asked the Captain, with a look of anger and also of surprise.

"When I opened the door last night, sir," continued Sarah, in her shrill treble, "what should I see in the dark but Master Robert walking up and down with the carpet-brush stuck in his arm. 'Who goes there?' says he. 'You naughty boy!' says I, 'didn't you promise your ma you'd

leave off these tricks?' 'I'm not going round the guards,' says he; 'I promised not. But I'm for sentry duty tonight.'

"And say what I would to him, all he had for me was, 'You mustn't speak to a sentry on duty.' So I says, 'As sure as I live till morning, I'll go to your pa,' for he pays no more attention to his ma than to me nor to anyone else."

"Please to see that the chair-bed in my dressing-room is moved into your mistress's bedroom," said the Captain. "I will attend to Master Robert."

With this Sarah had to content herself, and she went back to the nursery. Robert was nowhere to be seen, and made no reply to her summons. On this the unwary housemaid flounced into the bedroom to look for him, when Robert, who was hidden beneath a table, darted forth and promptly locked her in.

"You're under arrest," he shouted through the keyhole.

"Let me out!" shrieked Sarah.

"I'll send a file of the guard to fetch you to the orderly-room, by and by," said Robert, "for making frivolous complaints," and he departed to the farmyard to look at the ducks.

That night, when Robert went up to bed, the Captain quietly locked him into his dressing-room, from which the bed had been removed.

"You are for sentry duty tonight," said the Captain. "The carpet-brush is in the corner. Good evening."



As his father guessed, Robert was soon tired of the sentry game in these new circumstances, and long before the night had half worn away he wished himself safely undressed and in his own comfortable bed. At half-past twelve o'clock he felt as if he could bear it no longer, and knocked at the Captain's door.

"Who goes there?" said the Captain.

"Mayn't I go to bed, please?" whined poor Robert.

"Certainly not," said the Captain. "You're on duty."

And on duty poor Robert had to remain, for the Captain had a will as well as his son. So he rolled himself up in his father's railway rug and slept on the floor.

Next night he was very glad to go quietly to bed and remain there.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

Tiny threads make up the web,
 Little acts make up life's span:
 Would you ever happy be,
 Spin them rightly while you can.
 When the thread is broken quite,
 Too late then to spin aright.

Selected

NOVEMBER

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,—

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves;

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves today are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb;
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
 And wind and rains so wild;
 Not all good things together
 Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
 Its beauteous summer glow,
 Think how the roots of the roses
 Are kept alive in the snow!

ALICE CARY

AUTUMN COLORS

One mass of sunshine glows the beech;
 Great oaks, in scarlet drapery, reach
 Across the crimson blackberry vine
 Toward purple ash and somber pine.

The orange-tinted sassafras
 With quaintest foliage strews the grass;
 Witch-hazel shakes her gold curls out
 'Mid the red maple's flying rout.

With every day some splendor strange;
 With every hour some subtle change
 Of our plain world; how could we guess
 Such miracles of loveliness.

LUCY LARCOM

THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS

In the earlier days of the colony of Massachusetts the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bearskin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets were used instead of farthings.

The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clamshells, and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers, so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the General Court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court,—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America which the English buccaneers—who were little better than pirates—had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date, 1652, on the one side and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor that in a few years his pockets, his moneybags, and his strong-box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the

case when he came into possession of grandfather's chair ; and as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.

When the mintmaster had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewall by name, came a-courting to his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewall fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mintmaster very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way ; "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough."

On the wedding day we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences, and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in grandfather's chair ; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsey. She

was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. Nevertheless he was a very personable young man, and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsey herself.

The mintmaster also was pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love and had said nothing at all about her portion. So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his menservants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mintmaster, "get into one side of these scales."

Miss Betsey—or Mrs. Sewall, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mintmaster pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play at hide-and-seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewall began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mintmaster's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewall!" cried the honest mintmaster, resuming his seat in grandfather's chair; "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

OLD SILVER

Down in the heart of the skyscraper district you will find a hook-and-ladder company known as the Gray Horse Truck.

Much like a big family is a fire company. It has seasons of good fortune, when there are neither sick leaves nor hospital cases to report; and it has periods of misfortune, when trouble and disaster stalk abruptly through the ranks. Gray Horse Truck company is no exception. Yet its longest mourning and most sincere was when it lost Old Silver.

Horses and men, Silver had seen them come and go. He had seen young men rise step by step to battalion and deputy chiefs, win shields and promotion, or meet the sudden fate that is their lot. All that time Silver's nameboard had swung over his stall, and when the truck went out Silver was to be found in the same place on the left of the poles. Driver succeeded driver, but one and all they found Silver first under the harness when a call came, first to jump forward when the big doors rolled back, and always as ready to do his bit on a long run as he was to demand his four quarts when feeding time came.

As for the education of Silver, its scope and completeness, no outsider would have given credence to the half of it. When Lannigan had driven the truck for three years,

and had been cronies with Silver for nearly five, it was his habit to say wonderingly: "He beats me, Old Silver does. I learn some new wrinkle of his every day. No; it's no use to tell his tricks; you wouldn't believe, nor would I if I hadn't seen with my two eyes."

Other things besides mischief, however, had Silver learned. Chief of these was to start with the jigger. Sleeping or waking, lying or standing, the summons that stirred the men from snoring ease to tense, rapid action never failed to find Silver alert. As the halter shank slipped through the bit-ring, that same instant found Silver gathered for the rush through the long, narrow lane leading from his open stall to the poles, above which, like great couchant spiders, waited the harnesses on the hanger rods. It was unwise to be in Silver's way when that little brazen voice was summoning him to duty.

Once under the harness Silver was like a carved statue until the trip-strap had been pulled, the collar fastened, and the reins snapped in. Then he wanted to poke the poles through the doors, so eager was he to be off.

With the first strain at the traces his impatience died out. A sixty-foot truck starts with more or less reluctance. Besides, Silver knew that before anything like speed could be made it was necessary either to mount the grade to Broadway or to ease the machine down to Greenwich Street. It was traces or backing straps for all that was in you, and at the end a sharp turn

which never could have been made had not the tiller-man done his part with the rear wheels.

But when once the tires caught the car tracks Silver knew what to expect. At the turn he and his team mates could feel Lannigan gathering in the reins as though for a full stop. At the same moment Lannigan leaned far forward and shot out his driving arm. The reins went loose, their heads went forward, and, as if moving on a pivot, the three leaped as one horse. Again the reins tightened for a second; again they were loosened. When the bits were pulled back, up came three heads, up came three pairs of shoulders, and up came three pairs of forelegs; for at the other end of the lines, gripped viselike in Lannigan's big fist, was swinging a good part of Lannigan's one hundred and ninety-eight pounds.

To Silver all other minor pleasures in life were as nothing to the fierce joy he knew when, with a dozen men clinging to the handrails, the captain pulling the bell-rope, and Lannigan, far up above them all, swaying on the lines, the Gray Horse Truck swept up Broadway to a first call-box.

It was like trotting to music, if you've ever done that. Possibly you could have discovered no harmony at all in the confused roar of the apparatus as it thundered past. But to the ears of Silver there were many sounds blended into one. There were the rhythmical beat of hoofs, the low undertone of the wheels grinding the pavement, the

high note of the forged-steel lock-opener as it hammered the footboard, the mellow ding-dong of the bell, the creak of the forty-foot and fifty-foot extensions, the rattle of the iron-shod hooks, the rat-tat-tat of the scaling ladders on the bridge, and the muffled drumming of the leather helmets as they jumped in the basket.

With the increasing speed all these sounds rose in pitch until, when the team was at full swing, they became one vibrant theme,—thrilling, inspiring, exultant,—the action song of the truck.

Of course it all ended when, with heaving flanks and snorting nostrils, you stopped before a building where thin curls of smoke escaped from upper windows. Then you watched your men snatch the great ladders from the truck, heave them up against the walls, and bring down pale-faced, staring-eyed men and women. You saw them tear open iron shutters, batter down doors, smash windows, and do other things to make a path for the writhing, white-bodied, yellow-nosed snakes that uncoiled from the engine and were carried wriggling in where the flames lapped along baseboard and floor-beams. You saw the little ripples of smoke swell into huge, cream-edged billows that tumbled out and up so far above that you lost sight of them.

And after it was all over, the ladders were reshipped, you left the purring engines to drown out the last hidden spark, and you went prancing back to your House, where the lonesome desk-man waited patiently for your return.

No galloping rush was the homeward trip. The need for haste had passed. Now came the parade. You might toss your head, arch your neck, and use all your fancy steps; Lannigan didn't care. In fact, he rather liked to have you show off a bit. The men on the truck, smutty of face and hands, joked across the ladders. The strain was over. It was a time of relaxing, for behind was duty well done.

After unhooking there was the rubbing, and the extra feeding of oats that always follows a long run. How good it was to be bedded down after this lung-stretching, leg-limbering work!

Such was the life which Old Silver was leading when there arrived disaster. It came in the shape of a milk leg.

Industriously did Lannigan apply such simple remedies as he had at hand. Yet the swelling increased until from pastern to hock was neither shape nor grace. Worst of all, in getting on his feet one morning, Silver barked the skin with a rap from his toe calks. Then it did look bad. Of course this had to happen just before the veterinary inspector's monthly visit.

"Old Silver, eh?" said he. "Well, I've been looking for him to give out. That's a bad leg there, a very bad leg. Send him up to the hospital in the morning, and I'll have another gray down here. It's time you had a new horse in his place."

Lannigan stepped forward to protest. It was only a



milk leg. He had cured such before. He could cure this one. Besides, he couldn't spare Silver, the best horse on his team.

But the inspector often heard such pleas.

"What do you care so long as you get another gray?"

Very much did Lannigan care, but he found difficulty in putting his sentiments into words. Besides, of what use was it to talk to a man who could say that one gray horse was as good as another. Hence Lannigan only looked sheepish and kept his tongue between his teeth until the door closed behind the inspector. Then he banged a hamlike fist into a broad palm and relieved his feelings in language. This failed to mend matters, so Lannigan, putting an arm around the old gray's neck, told Silver all about it. Probably Silver misunderstood, for he responded by reaching over Lannigan's shoulder and chewing the big man's leather belt. Only when Lannigan fed to him six red apples and an extra quart of oats did Silver mistrust that something unusual was going to happen. Next morning, sure enough, it did happen.

Some say Lannigan wept. As to that none might be sure, for he sat facing the wall in a corner of the bunk room. Below, they were leading Old Silver away to the hospital, where, after less than a week's stay, he was cast into oblivion. They took away the leaden number medal which for more than ten years he had worn on a strap around his neck, and they turned him over to the street-

cleaning department. There was no delay about his initiation. Into his forehoofs they branded this shameful inscription: D. S. C. 937. On his back they flung a forty-pound single harness with a dirty piece of canvas as a blanket. They hooked him to an iron dump cart and haled him forth at 5:30 A.M. to begin the inglorious work of removing refuse from the city streets.

Perhaps you think Old Silver could not feel the disgrace, the ignominy of it all. Could you have seen the lowered head, the limp-hung tail, the dulled eyes, and the dispirited sag of his quarters, you would have thought differently.

For three months Silver pulled that hateful refuse chariot about the streets, thankful only that he traversed a section of the city new to him. Then one day he was sent out with a new driver whose route lay along familiar ways. The thing Silver dreaded, that which he had long feared, did not happen for more than a week after the change.

It came early one morning. He had been backed up in front of a big office building where a dozen bulky cans cumbered the sidewalk. The driver was just lifting one of them to the tailboard when, from far down the street, there reached Silver's ears a well-known sound. Nearer it swept; louder and louder it swelled.

In a moment the noise and its cause were opposite. Old Silver hardly needed to glance before knowing the

truth. It was his old company, the Gray Horse Truck. There was his old driver; there were his old team mates. In a flash there passed from Silver's mind all memory of his humble condition, his wretched state. Tossing his head and giving his tail a switch, he leaped toward the apparatus, nearly upsetting the filled ash-can over the head and shoulders of the bewildered driver.

By a supreme effort Silver dropped into the old lope. A dozen bounds took him abreast the nigh horse, and in spite of Lannigan's shouts there he stuck, littering the newly swept pavement most disgracefully at every jump. Thus strangely accompanied, the Gray Horse Truck thundered up Broadway for ten blocks, and when it stopped, before a building in which a careless watchman's lantern had set off the automatic, Old Silver was part of the procession.

It was Lannigan who, in the midst of an eloquent flow of indignant abuse, made this announcement: "Why, boys—it's—it's our Old Silver!"

Each member of the crew having expressed his astonishment in appropriate words, Lannigan tried to sum it all up by saying: "Silver, you old sinner! So they've put you in an ash-cart, have they? Well, I'll—I'll—"

But there speech failed him. His wits did not. There was a whispered council of war. Lannigan made a daring proposal, at which all grinned appreciatively.

"They'd never find out," said one.

"And see, his leg's almost as good as new again," suggested another.

It was an unheard-of proceeding; one which the rules and regulations of the fire department never anticipated. Meanwhile the captain found it necessary to inspect the interior of the building, the lieutenant turned his back, and the thing was done.

That same evening an ill-tempered and very dirty ash-cart driver turned up at the stables with a different horse from the one he had driven out that morning, much to the mystification of himself and certain officials of the department of street cleaning.

Also, there pranced back as nigh horse of the truck a big gray with one slightly swollen hind leg. By the way he held his head, by the look in his big, bright eyes, and by his fancy stepping one might have thought him glad to be where he was. And it was so. As for the rest, Lannigan will tell you in strict confidence that the best mode of disguising hoof-brands until they are effaced by new growth is to fill them with axle-grease.

Should you ever chance to see, swinging up lower Broadway, a hook-and-ladder truck drawn by three big grays jumping in perfect unison, note especially the nigh horse—that's the one on the left side looking forward. It will be Old Silver, who, although now rising sixteen, seems to be good for at least another four years of active service.

SEWELL FORD

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
 A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming-day ;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall,"—
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy :
 You hardly could suspect—
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through)



Robt. Thomson

You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING

THE CAPTIVE MAID

Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honorable, because by him the Lord had given victory unto Syria; he was also a mighty man of valor, but he was a leper.

And the Syrians had gone out in bands, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife. And she said unto her mistress, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy."

And one went in, and told his lord, saying, "Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel."

And the king of Syria said, "Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel."

And Naaman departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold and ten changes of raiment.

And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying, "Now when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have sent Naaman, my servant, to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy."

And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, "Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? Consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me."

And when Elisha, the man of God, heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, he sent to the king, saying, "Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? Let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel."

So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariots, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha.

And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean."

But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, "Behold, I thought, 'He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and move his hand over the place, and recover the leper.'

"Are not Abana and Pharpar, the rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them, and be clean?"

So he turned and went away in a rage.

And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? How much rather, then, when he saith to thee, 'Wash, and be clean'?"

Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God; and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.



And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came, and stood before him; and he said, "Behold now, I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel."

Adapted from the Bible

WE THANK THEE

For flowers that bloom about our feet,
 For tender grass so fresh, so sweet,
 For song of bird and hum of bee,
 For all things fair we hear or see,
 For blue of stream and blue of sky,
 For pleasant shade of branches high,
 For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
 For beauty of the blooming trees,
 For mother-love and father-care,
 For brothers strong and sisters fair,
 For love at home and here each day,
 For guidance lest we go astray,
 For this new morning with its light,
 For rest and shelter of the night,
 For health and food, for love and friends,
 For ev'rything Thy goodness sends,
 Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

ANONYMOUS

THE UNKNOWN PAINTER

Murillo, a famous artist of Seville, often found on the canvas of some of his pupils sketches bearing marks of great genius. They were done during the night, and he was unable to find out who had made them.

One morning the pupils were at the studio before their master and were standing by an easel, lost in wonder and surprise, when Murillo entered. His wonder was as great as theirs on finding a beautiful painting.

He asked first one and then another of the young painters, to see if any one of them would lay claim to it, but each sadly answered, "No!" and one said, "He who has done this will one day be the greatest of us all."

"Sebastian!" said the master to a young slave who stood by trembling, "who is in this studio at night?"

"No one but myself, sir."

"Well, watch here tonight; and if you do not find out who it is that comes to this room, thirty lashes shall be your punishment on the morrow."

Sebastian bowed and retired.

That night Sebastian slept soundly on his mattress until the church clock struck three. He then sprang from his bed and said to himself, "Three hours are my own; the rest are my master's."

He seized a palette and took his seat at the easel, to blot out the work of the night before. With brush in

hand he paused before making the fatal stroke. "I cannot! oh, I cannot blot it out!" said he. "Rather let me finish it."

He went to work and forgot everything else in his earnestness: a little color here, a touch there, a soft shade here; and thus three hours rolled by unnoticed. The young artist slave saw nothing but the lovely picture before him, the face of which seemed to smile upon him with a look of heavenly goodness and grace.

He felt that he was free, when suddenly a slight noise caused him to look up. Murillo with his pupils stood around, and the sun was shining brightly through the window.

Again the lad was a slave. His eyes fell beneath their eager gaze.

"Who is your master, Sebastian?"

"You, sir."

"Your drawing-master, I mean?"

"You, sir."

"I have never given you lessons."

"No, but you gave them to these young gentlemen, and I heard them."

"Yes, and, by St. James, you have made better use of them than any one of these has yet done. Does this boy deserve punishment or reward, my dear pupils?"

"Reward, sir," was the quick reply.

"What shall it be?"



One whispered, "A suit of clothes"; another, "A sum of money"; a third, "His freedom"; but there was no response from the slave.

Suddenly a cry burst from his lips as he threw himself on his knees, claspng his hands and raising his streaming eyes to meet his master's gaze.

"Oh, freedom—freedom for my father!" cried he, in a voice choked by tears and sobs.

"And yours? Do you not desire your own?" asked Murillo. Sebastian hung his head and with a sob answered, "My father first, sir."

"Yes, my poor child, and yours too," said Murillo, no longer able to restrain his tears, as he raised Sebastian kindly.

"Oh, my master! my good master!" was all that the boy could say.

"Thou art now free, Sebastian," said Murillo.

"Free to serve thee all my life, master!" he replied, falling again on his knees and kissing his master's hands.

"Sebastian," said Murillo, "your pencil has proved your genius, and your request shows that you have a noble heart. From this day I receive you among my pupils."

In Italy and in our picture galleries there are still to be seen many beautiful paintings from the hands of Murillo and Sebastian Gomez.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT

The Owl and the Pussy Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.

The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!
What a beautiful Pussy you are—
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married—too long we have
tarried—
But what shall we do for a ring?"

They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood
With a ring in the end of his nose—
His nose,
With a ring in the end of his nose.



"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one
 shilling
 Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."
 So they took it away, and were married next
 day
 By the turkey who lives on the hill.

They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
 Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
 And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
 They danced by the light of the moon—
 The moon,
 They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR

THE CENTIPEDE

A centipede was happy quite
 Until a frog in fun
 Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which?"
 This raised her mind to such a pitch,
 She lay distracted in the ditch
 Considering how to run.

THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE

A caravan on its way from Damascus to Acre was once attacked by a tribe of Arabs. The robbers were successful ; their victory was complete ; the booty was ample and rich.

But while engaged in dividing their spoils the Arabs in their turn were interrupted by a body of Turkish troops that had been sent out from Acre for the protection of the caravan.

The tide of fortune was now changed. The Arabs were overpowered and many were slain. The rest were made prisoners and taken to Acre for punishment.

Among the Arabs was a man named Abou, who was the owner of a horse of great beauty and value. During the combat Abou was wounded by a bullet in his arm. The wound was not mortal ; he was therefore placed by the Turks on the back of a camel and led off with the other prisoners, while the conquerors took possession of his horse.

The evening before they were to enter Acre the whole party encamped in the mountains. The feet of the wounded Arab were bound together by a leather thong, and he was left on the ground near the tent where the Turks were sleeping.

Being kept awake by the pain of his wound, he heard the neighing of his horse among the other horses which were fastened to stakes around the tents in the open air, according to the oriental usage.

Abou recognized its voice. He could not resist the desire to see and caress once more the faithful animal which had been the companion and friend of years. On his hands and knees he dragged himself with difficulty along the ground till he reached the spot where the horse was fastened.

"My poor friend," said he to the faithful animal, "what wilt thou do among the Turks? What will become of thee? Instead of the broad desert thou wilt be immured in the narrow arches of a khan! Instead of the pure air of heaven thou wilt breathe the unwholesome exhalations of a crowded stable!

"The women and children will no longer share with thee their bowl of camel's milk—no longer bring thee barley or millet in the hollow of their hands! No longer will tiny fingers feed thee with crusts of bread under the palm trees in the starlight! Thy hoofs will no longer beat the sands of the desert, fleeter than the wind of Egypt! No more wilt thou divide the waters of Jordan with thy breast and cool therein thy skin, whiter than their foam.

"Though I remain a slave—be thou free! Go, return to the tent which thou lovest so well! Say to my wife that her husband will return no more! Put thy head under the curtains of the tent and lick the hands of the children who will never again know a father's love!"

With his teeth Abou gnawed through the cord of goat's hair with which the legs of the horse were fastened. The



animal was free. But at the sight of his master, bound and wounded at his feet, the faithful and sagacious steed understood, by instinct, what no language could explain to him.

He bent his head and affectionately smelled the Arab's face and person; then seizing with his teeth the leathern thong with which the man's waist was girdled, he lifted him from the ground and bore him off at full gallop.

With his burden still in his mouth he arrived at his master's tent, where, laying him on the sand, he fell himself and expired from fatigue.

All the tribe wept over the faithful steed. The Arab poets have celebrated his virtues in many a song; and to this day his name is constantly in the mouths of the Arabs of the desert.

LAMARTINE

WILD HORSES

A thousand horse—and none to ride!
 With flowing tail, and flying mane,
 Wide nostrils never stretched by pain,
 Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
 And feet that iron never shod,
 And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,
 A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
 Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
 Came thickly thundering on.

BYRON

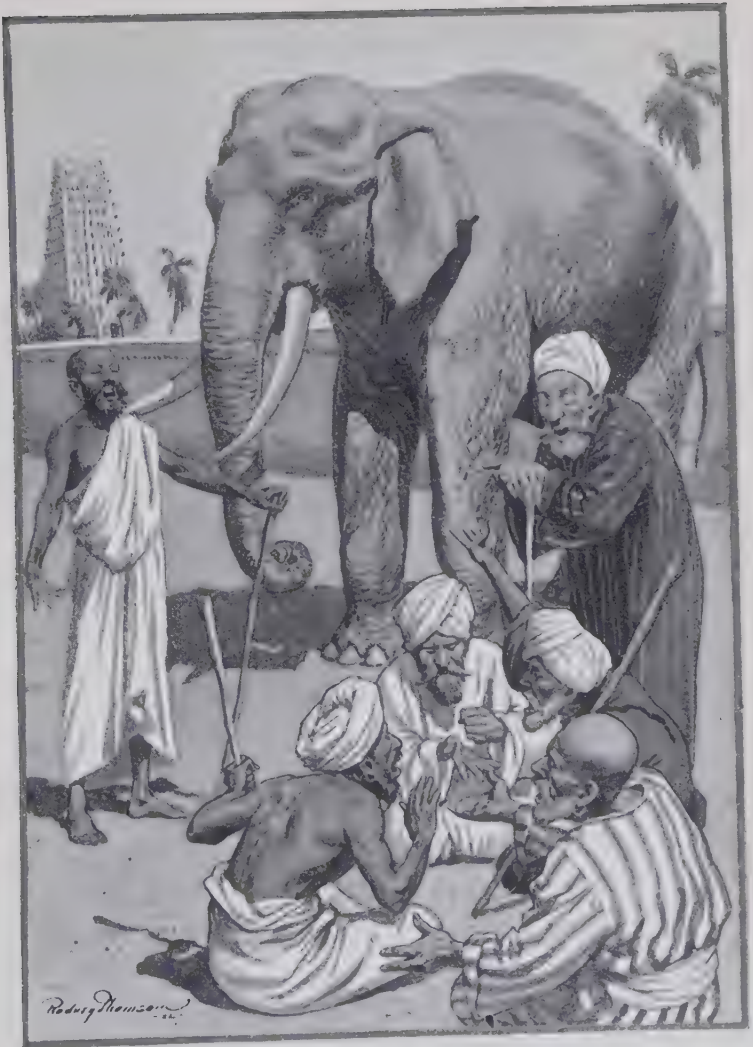
THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant,
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl,
"God bless me!—but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here
So very round, and smooth, and sharp?
To me 'tis very clear,
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up he spake:—
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"



The fourth reached out his eager hand,
 And felt about the knee;
 "What most this wondrous beast is like
 Is very plain," quoth he;
 "'Tis clear enough the elephant
 Is very like a tree!"

The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
 Said, "E'en the blindest man
 Can tell what this resembles most:
 Deny the fact who can,
 This marvel of an elephant
 Is very like a fan!"

The sixth no sooner had begun
 About the beast to grope,
 Than, seizing on the swinging tail
 That fell within his scope,
 "I see," quoth he, "the elephant
 Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
 Disputed loud and long,
 Each in his own opinion
 Exceeding stiff and strong,
 Though each was partly in the right,
 And all were in the wrong!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

LONE LONG-KNIFE

James Harrod was called Lone Long-Knife by the Indians, who dreaded the wonderful power he possessed of finding out their intentions.

On several occasions he entered their villages in the night to ascertain their plans; and once, when discovered by a young warrior, struck him to the earth with his huge fist and then plunged into the neighboring forest, though not without being seen and pursued; twenty or thirty warriors followed him, and so close were they upon his heels at the start that their rifle balls showered like hail about him.

The swiftness of Indian runners has passed into a proverb, but they had before them a man more swift than themselves.

He gained so much upon them that by the time they reached the Miami, which was ten miles distant, there were only three warriors who seemed to be continuing the chase.

Harrod swam the river without hesitation; as he reached the opposite bank they came up and fired at him. The river was wide here, and the balls fell short. He now took to a tree upon the edge of the forest and, removing the waterproof cover of deer's bladder from the lock of his rifle, prepared for them, should they attempt to cross the river.

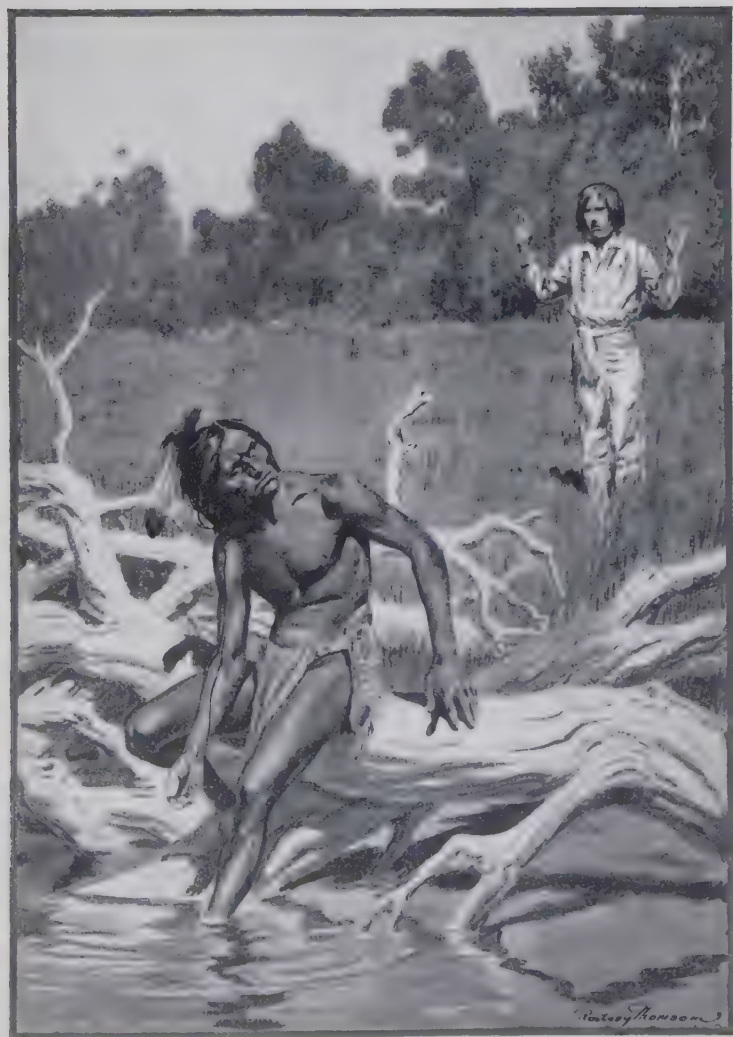
The Indians hesitated a moment, for it had now been full daylight for some time, and they seemed to have some fear that he might make a stand; but hearing at this instant the coming yells of those who had fallen behind, they replied and plunged into the stream.

Harrod waited until they were more than half across, when at the crack of his rifle the foremost sank; the other two paused, then turned to go back; but before they could get out of range he wounded a second desperately, who gave himself up to the current and was swept down. The third, by a series of rapid dives, after the manner of a chased wild duck, succeeded in getting out of range.

Harrod heard the furious howl of the main body of his outwitted pursuers, who had reached the river as he was making off again through the forest. The chase was not continued further.

Two hours afterward, as Harrod struck the bank of the Miami again, he saw upon a pile of driftwood, which had collected at the mouth of one of the small tributaries of the stream, some living object, which he took for a large turtle glistening in the sun, as it struggled to drag its unwieldy body upon the logs to bask.

He stopped to gaze; and imagine his astonishment when he saw a tall Indian drag his body slowly from the water and finally seat himself upon the logs. He had lost his gun and was endeavoring to stifle the bleeding from a bullet wound in his shoulder. . . . Harrod knew that this was



the second Indian he had shot, who had most probably reached one of the pieces of driftwood, of which the swollen river was at the time full, and sustained himself by it all this distance, badly wounded as he was.

Here was a trial for such a man as Harrod, and he thought for some little time before deciding upon his course, for shoot the poor wretch he could not.

His determination formed, he made a wide circuit and crept cautiously upon the wounded warrior from behind. A large tree stood close to the drift. Reaching this, Harrod laid down his gun, then, suddenly stepping into view from behind the tree, raised his hands to show that he was unarmed.

"Ugh!" grunted the astonished warrior, making a sudden movement as if to plunge into the water again. Harrod placed his hand upon his heart and spoke two words in the Shawnee tongue. The Indian paused and, looking at him a moment earnestly, bowed his head in token of submission.

Harrod helped his captive to the bank, tore his own shirt and bound up the wound with cooling herbs, and then, as he found the savage unable to walk, threw him across his broad shoulders and bore him, not to the "station" but to a cave which he used as one of his places of deposit. No one knew of the existence of this hiding-place but himself, and he had discovered it by the accident of having driven a wounded bear into it.

Here Harrod concealed his wounded foe; for the generous hunter, having once determined to aid him, possessed too much delicacy of feeling to subject the proud warrior to the humiliation, worse to him than death, of being paraded before his white foes as a prisoner. Harrod took care of him till his recovery, visiting him regularly on his hunting excursions.

When the warrior grew strong again, Harrod gave him a supply of provisions, and, pointing toward the north, bade him return to his people and tell them how the Long-Knife treats his wounded foe.

Nothing was ever heard directly from this warrior again, though Boone, who was aware of the circumstance, and who was a second time taken prisoner by the Shawnees a short time afterward, always attributed the kind treatment he received from the Indians, and their good faith to eighteen of his men, to the good offices of this grateful savage.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER (Abridged)

Ungraciousness in rendering a benefit, like a hoarse voice, mars the music of the song.

FELTHAM

THE MIRACULOUS BASKET

Winter in the early Colonial period is reported to have had three "pinches" or "spells" of merciless weather, when rivers turned to crystal and landscapes to snow, when birds fled to the heart of the forests, and only the white owl came out of the wood o' nights "to see what he could see."

The first of these northern severities, with its trumpeting winds and drifting snows and steel-gray desolations, usually fell about Thanksgiving, the Pilgrims' holiday.

Fifty years after the settlement of Plymouth, apple orchards began to fill the dooryards with creamy blossoms and subtle odors in spring, and with fruitage, red, yellow, russet, and green, in the fall. The early apple trees grew to giants, and the Baltimore orioles hung their pouch nests in the high branches.

The Indian families that were left after King Philip's War liked to visit the farm cider presses and see the old horse going round at the end of a beam, turning the coggled wooden wheels that ground the apples. They delighted to see the apple cheese made, bound in straw, and placed under great wooden screws. Better than all else, they liked to drink the sweet cider when the presses began to flow.

In those days apples were free to all; cider was equally free, and Indians and idlers liked to sun themselves amid the social surroundings of the bountiful cider press.

Friend Pettijohn's house flowed with hospitalities. His great heart went out to the remnant of the Indians, and he never denied the wandering families of the shattered tribes anything that they asked.

"Treat 'em well, Ruth," he said to his wife. "Thee treat 'em all well. They once owned the whole, and of a right the land belongs to them now. 'Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.' Thee treat 'em well, and remember thy own blessings."

Ruth Pettijohn needed not the instruction, but she heeded it well. Her heart was as bountiful as his. So the Indians never went away from her door without shelter, food, or some gift. They lay down in their blankets by the Quaker's fires in winter, or slept in his great barns, and they were helped in summer from the best dishes on his long oak tables.

But the Indians began to like hard cider, as old cider was called, and they made a great drain upon his stored barrels in winter. The men and women would call at the back door on the frosty mornings and say, "Mug, mug." Then Mistress Ruth would send the hired men to draw a pitcher of cider for each one to drink his fill.

It came to be seen that hard cider made the Indians cross, quarrelsome, and dangerous, and that their desire for it grew. Sometimes the honest Quaker would find two or three Indians waiting at the door for cider in the very

early morning, before milking. And the Indians had ceased to say, "Mug, mug." Their call always became "Old mug! Old mug!" meaning hard cider and cider that would intoxicate.

Mistress Pettijohn became convinced that it was her duty to form a temperance society among her Indian visitors, and she began by preaching to them, with solemn "thees" and "thous," of the sin of being a slave to appetite.

One Sunday morning she gathered her red visitors by the fire and read them a temperance lecture. There were long faces when Mistress Ruth concluded with the emphatic declaration: "I am thy friend. I will nurse thee in sickness, feed thee in hunger, and shelter thee in cold. But cursed is he that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips. Look at this hand. It has never failed thy need, but as the Spirit moves me, may the Powers above wither it if it ever gives 'old mug' to one of you again!"

Turning to her husband, she declared; "John Pettijohn, I have a message from the Lord for *thee*. Stop that cider press! Let the apples rot, but never the souls of men!"

"What, Ruth! But the vinegar! What should we do for vinegar?"

"The world was good before vinegar was made, and would be better without it," answered Ruth, with decision.

Ruth would never handle a glass of cider from that hour; but Friend Pettijohn had received no such definite

message as his wife, and he used sometimes to treat a thirsty Indian in husking time, when she was not on her guard.

There was one poor Indian, named Wormsley, who had become a hard-cider drinker. In him the old cider produced intoxication, with great violence of temper, and was followed by an inordinate thirst for more. He would come to Mistress Pettijohn's door and stand there by the hour with imploring eyes.

The good woman would come to the door and say: "What does thee want, Wormsley?"

"Old mug, for the last time!"

"No, Wormsley; I've had a message. Go away!"

Very early one autumn morning, not long before the Puritan festival, Friend Pettijohn found old Wormsley at the door. The Indian stood and stared.

"Well, Wormsley, is thee here?"

"Indian thirsty—old mug."

"No, Wormsley."

"Indian sick—old mug!"

"No, Wormsley; white squaw say *no*. Not right, Wormsley; all wrong. No, no! Thee must go."

"Old mug, for the Lord's sake! For the last time!" The Indian lingered piteously.

Friend Pettijohn was a tender-hearted man. He looked back to his warm rooms and saw the half-naked Indian standing there in the cold with a basket on his arm.

"Come on Thanksgiving Day, Wormsley, and I will fill your basket."

"With old mug?" The Indian's eyes glowed.

The Quaker's heart grew weak with pity, and a queer expression passed over his face.

"Yes, Wormsley, I will pour it into the basket. That is the place for it. Always bring a basket when thee comes for cider. So it shall be like water poured upon the ground, never to be gathered up."

"You give old mug in basket? Good!"

"Yes, Wormsley, all the cider thy basket will hold, and better things too. Give me thy basket now. I will fill it with victuals. Then thee must go. White squaw is right, Wormsley. She had message. Thee can't have any more cider than a basket will carry."

Friend Pettijohn took the basket from the Indian's arm, filled it with food, and returned it, repeating, "Wormsley, go."

"Thanksgiving Day I come. Bring basket for old mug."

There was a twinkle in his eye. The Quaker saw it. Ruth saw it, too, from the window. As her husband came in she said: "John, what has thee promised him?"

"Only to fill his basket with cider on Thanksgiving Day. But an Indian basket won't hold cider. It'll all run out."

"What made him look so happy? There's something wrong in thy promise, John."

She ran to the door and flung it open, calling out:

"Wormsley, Wormsley, come back! Come back! *What* basket is thee going to bring us on Thanksgiving Day?"

"Same basket—same one."

"That's right, Wormsley. Thee must bring that *same* basket and no other. Thee understands?"

"Me understand. John fill it with old mug, for the *last* time. Me understand." Then he hastened away.

Thanksgiving Day fell gray and cold. The trees glimmered with frost. The streams were bridged with ice, and the northern air cut keenly the faces of the chore-men as they went to the barns and cattle-sheds.

The preparations for Thanksgiving in the thrifty Quaker home had been as liberal as usual. The great ovens were full of brown bread, roast apples, roast game and beef, pies, gingerbread, and Indian and sweet-apple puddings.

Mistress Ruth rose early. It was to be a busy day. She opened her Bible, glanced at a text for silent meditation, and taking up the shovel, opened the oven.

Rap! rap! rap! came a knock at the door.

"John, get up and go to the door!" said his wife, and the good Quaker rose.

Rap! rap! rap! came the knock, hard and impatient.

"Wormsley, perhaps. I will look out of the window," said Mistress Ruth. She raised the curtain and looked out.

"O John! John!" She drew back and flung up her hands in distress.

"What, Ruth?"

"It's Wormsley with his basket for old cider."

"Well, he is welcome to all it will hold."

"It will hold gallons. Go out and see. Oh, thy rash promise! Oh, that thee had had the sense of a woman! I never yet was caught in any snare of the adversary like that! John, thy upper story is empty. Hurry and see that basket."

Friend Pettijohn went to the door and pulled hard to open it, for frost had settled in the edges.

"Everything sticks this morning. It is cold," said the good Quaker as he went out to behold the Indian's basket. There stood Wormsley. He had his basket on his arm.

"Same basket," said the Indian, with beaming face.

"Wha-a-at!" cried the Quaker.

"Old mug. Fill basket. Same basket; me dip him. Water sticks. John promise—fill him!"

"Let me look at it," said the bewildered Quaker.

Wormsley handed him the basket. How beautifully it shone in the sunlight! It was a basket of crystal. It would hold water or cider or any other liquid.

Wormsley had dipped it again and again in a half-frozen stream, and after each immersion had left it to freeze. All its chinks were filled in and frozen as solid as glass, and the coat was so thick that the liquor would not soon melt a hole through it.

The Quaker looked at his wife, who stood holding the fire-shovel high in air. A shrewd look came into her face.



"Wormsley," she said, "thee come in and sit down by the fire. Thee come in and hear the kettles sing!"

The Indian entered. He held the basket close to his blanket and would not give it up. He took a chair in a dark, cold corner of the great room.

"Thee sit up to the fire, Wormsley, and hear the kettle sing on Thanksgiving Day."

"Indian cold."

"Sit up to the fire, then."

"Old mug make him warm."

He refused to be warmed by anything but the fire of his lively anticipations. His ice basket, in which the miracle had been performed, was beside him in the cold corner.

"Get up, Wormsley, and come to the fire," said Mistress Ruth, resolutely.

The Indian arose reluctantly.

"Come to the fire and hear the kettles sing of Thanksgiving, Wormsley."

He obeyed. Ruth followed him and set him a chair close to the fire. He had left the ice basket in the corner.

Ruth piled the fire with walnut logs and split wood. When the fire began to roar she brought the ice basket out of the dark, cold corner and set it down beside him. Wormsley looked at it doubtfully.

"Hold heap!" he said. "Put in cider now!"

"I'll put in victuals," said Mistress Ruth. "Heap victuals. Hear the kettles sing, Wormsley."

Ruth punched the fire again. The Indian cast a woeful look at the ice basket and covered it with his blanket.

Soon the hardwood fire caused the kettles to run over, and the cat and dog to seek the cool corner of the room. But the Indian's code of etiquette did not permit him to move from the seat allotted him.

Despite the covering, the ice basket, that had been so carefully prepared for old mug, was speedily reduced to a temperance basket.

"There, Wormsley, thee can have all the old mug that the basket will hold now," said Mistress Ruth.

"Ugh," said the Indian, lifting his black eyes; "ugh! ugh! UGH!" He saw that he was beaten, and when Ruth said, "Shall I fill it instead with God's food of Thanksgiving?" he nodded assent.

She filled the basket from the oven and gave it back to the Indian, who received it sadly. The odor of the steaming food cheered him somewhat after a time, and he went away grateful, but not so grateful as he would have been for the expected "old mug."

The orchards on Mount Hope lands are beautiful still, but the cider presses went long ago and the last Indian family has disappeared. The old tales live on in many forms, picturing the changing times and vanished scenes of the old New England Thanksgivings.

"IT COULDN'T BE DONE"

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he'd be the one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried!
So he buckled right in, with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done,—and he did it.
Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;
At least, no one ever has done it."
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it;
With a lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quibbling;
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done,—and he did it.
There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done;
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you;
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

EDGAR A. GUEST

THE YOUNG SERF

I

Sasha and all his family were serfs belonging to a great Russian Baron. Sasha and his grandfather, Gregor, worked as woodmen in the Baron's forest.

In his youth Gregor had lived in France and Germany, and he taught his little grandson to speak French and German. The village priest taught him to read. Sasha studied diligently, for old Gregor had said, "To get knowledge is the only way to get freedom."

And Sasha promised, "I will be a free man, grandfather, and I will make you free, too."

One day in the spring, just after the Baron had returned with his wife from St. Petersburg, Sasha was sent on an errand to the castle.

He was bareheaded and barefooted, his shirt and wide trousers were very coarse but clean, and his hair floated over his shoulders like a mass of shining silk. When he reached the castle, the Baron and Baroness, with a strange lady, were sitting on the balcony. The latter said in French, "There's a nice-looking boy!"

Sasha was so glad to find that he understood, and so delighted with the remark, that he looked up suddenly and blushed.

"I really believe he understands what I said," the lady exclaimed.

The Baron laughed. "Do you suppose my young serfs are educated like princes?" he asked. "If he were so intelligent as that, how long could I keep him?"

Sasha bent down his head and kicked the loose pebbles with his feet to hide his excitement. The blood was humming in his ears; the Baron had said the same thing as his grandfather—to get knowledge was the only way to get freedom!

The summer passed away, and the second autumn came. Gregor had told all he knew; told it twice, three times; and Sasha, more eager than ever, began to grow impatient for something more. He had secured a little reading book, such as is used for children, and studied it until he knew the exact place of every letter in it, but there was none to give the poor boy another volume or to teach him anything further.

One afternoon, as he was returning alone from a neighboring village by a country road which branched off from the main highway, he saw three men sitting on a bank, under the edge of a thicket. They were strangers, and they seemed to him to be foreigners. Two were of middle age, with harsh, evil faces; the third was young and had an anxious, frightened look. They were talking earnestly, but before he could distinguish the words, one of them saw him and made a sign to the others. Then he was very sure that they suddenly changed their language, for it was German he now heard.

He felt proud of his own knowledge, and his first thought was to say "Good day!" in German. Then he remembered his grandfather's command, "Never show your knowledge until there's good reason for it!" and gave his greeting in Russian. The young man nodded in return; the others took no notice of him. But in passing he understood these sentences: "He will bring a great deal of money. . . . There's no danger—he will be alone. . . . Grain and hemp both sold today. . . . It will be already dark."

Just beyond the thicket the road made a sharp turn and entered the woods. Sasha never afterward could explain the impulse which led him to dart under the trees as soon as he was out of sight, to get in the rear of the thicket, crawl silently nearer on his hands and knees, and then lie down flat within hearing of the men's voices. For a moment he was overcome with a horrible fear. They were silent and his heart beat so loudly that he thought they could no more help noticing it than a blacksmith's hammer.

Presently one of them spoke,—this time in Russian. "There's a hill from which you can see both roads," he said; "but he'll hardly take the highway."

"Are you sure his groom was not in the town?"

"It's all as I say—rely upon that!" was the answer. "For all his title he's no more than another man, and we are three."

In talking further they mentioned the name of the town; it was the place, only a few miles distant, where the

grain, hemp, and other products of the estate were sold to traders, and this was the day of the sale! The plot of the robbers flashed into Sasha's mind, and if he had had any remaining doubts they were soon dissipated by his hearing the Baron's name. The latter was to be waylaid—plundered—killed if he resisted. Then the oldest of the three men said as he got up from the bank where they were sitting: "We must be on our way. Better be too early than too late."

"But it's a terrible thing," the youngest remarked.

"You can't turn back now!" the other cried.

Sasha waited until he could no longer hear their footsteps. Then he started up and, keeping away from the road they had taken, ran through the woods and thicket in the direction of the town. His only thought was to reach the hill the robbers had mentioned, from which both roads could be seen. He knew it well; there was a bridle path, shorter than the main highway, and the Baron would probably take it, as he was on horseback. The hill divided the two roads; it was covered with young birch trees which grew very thickly on the summit and choked up the path. But there was a long spur of thicket, he remembered, running out on the ridge, and whoever stood at the end of it could look into the town.

Sasha was so excited that he took a track almost as short as the flight of a bird. He tore through bushes and brambles without thinking of the scratches they gave him;

he jumped across gullies and ran at full speed over open fields; he was faint, and bruised, and breathless, but he never paused until the farthest point of the thicket on the hill was reached.

It was then about an hour before sunset, and only one or two foot travelers were to be seen upon the highway. The town was half a mile off, but he could plainly see where the bridle path issued from a little lane between the houses. Carefully concealing himself under a thick alder bush, he kept his eyes fixed upon that point.

He was obliged to wait for what seemed a long, long while. The sun was just setting when, finally, a horseman made his appearance, and Sasha knew by the large white horse that it must be the Baron. The rider looked at his watch and then began to canter along the level toward the hill. There was no time to lose; so, without pausing a moment to think, Sasha sprang out of his hiding place and darted down the grassy slope at full speed, crying, "Lord Baron! Lord Baron!"

The rider at first did not seem to heed. He cantered on, and it required all Sasha's remaining strength to reach the path in advance of him. Then he dropped upon his knees, lifted up his hands, and cried once more "Stop, Lord Baron!"

The Baron reined up his horse just in time to avoid trampling on the boy. Sasha sprang to his feet, seized the bridle, and gasped, "The robbers!"

"Who are you? and what does this mean?" the Baron asked in a stern voice.

But Sasha was too much in earnest to feel afraid of the great lord. "I am Sasha, the son of Ivan, the son of Gregor," he said, and then related, as rapidly as he could, all that he had seen and heard.

The Baron looked at his pistols. "Ha!" he cried, "the caps are taken off! You may have done me good service, boy. Wait here; it's not enough to escape the rascals; we must capture them!"

He turned his horse and galloped back at full speed toward the town. Sasha watched him, thinking only that he was saved at last. It was growing dark when the boy's quick ear caught the sound of steps in the opposite direction. He turned and saw the three men approaching rapidly. With a deadly sense of terror he started and ran toward the town.

"Kill the little spy!" shouted, behind him, a voice which he well knew.

Sasha cried aloud for help as he ran, but no help came. He was already weak and exhausted from the exertion he had made, and he heard the robbers coming nearer and nearer.

All at once it seemed to him that his cries were answered; but at the same moment a heavy blow came down upon his head and shoulder. He fell to the ground and knew no more.



II

When Sasha came to his senses, it seemed to him that he must have been dead for a long time. First of all, he had to think who he was, and this was not so easy as you may suppose, for he found himself lying in a bed, in a room he had never seen before. It was broad daylight, and the sun shone upon one of his hands, which was so white and thin that it did not seem to belong to him. Then he lifted it, and was amazed to find how little strength there was in his arm. But he brought it to his head at last, and there was another surprise. All his long, silken hair was gone! He was so weak and bewildered that he groaned aloud, and the tears ran down his cheeks.

There was a noise in the room, and presently old Gregor bent over the bed.

"Grandad," said the boy—and how feeble his voice sounded!—"am I your Sasha still?"

The old man, crying for joy, dropped on his knees and said a prayer. "Now you will get well!" he cried; "but you mustn't talk; the doctor said you were not to talk!"

"Where am I?" Sasha asked.

"At the palace! And the Baron's own doctor comes every day to see you; and they let me stay here to nurse you—it will be a week tomorrow!"

"What's the matter?—what has happened?"

"Don't talk, for the love of Heaven," said Gregor; "you saved the Baron from being robbed and killed, and the

head robber struck your head and broke your arm, and the Baron and the people came just at the right time, and one of them was shot, and the other two are in jail. O my boy, be obedient to me; shut your eyes and keep quiet!"

But Sasha could not shut his eyes. Little by little his memory came back, and a sense of what he had done filled his mind and made him happy. He felt a dull ache in his left arm, and found that it was so tightly bandaged he could not move it, so he lay quite still, while Gregor sat and watched him with sparkling eyes. After a time the door opened and a strange gentleman came in; it was the physician. The old man rose and conversed with him in whispers. Then Sasha found that a spoon was held to his lips; he mechanically swallowed something that had a strange, pleasant taste, and almost immediately fell asleep.

In a day or two he was strong enough to sit up in bed, and was allowed to talk. Then the Baron and Baroness, with the lady who was their guest, came to see him. They were all eager to learn the particulars of the occurrence, especially how Sasha had discovered the plot of the robbers. He began at the beginning, and had got as far as the latter's change of language on seeing him, when he stopped in great confusion and looked at his grandfather.

Gregor neither spoke nor moved, but his eyes seemed to say plainly, "Tell everything."

So Sasha related the whole story. The Baroness stooped down, kissed him, and said, "You have saved your lord!"

But the other lady, who had been watching him very curiously, suddenly exclaimed: "Why, it's the same nice-looking little serf I saw before, and when I spoke of him in French he blushed. I'm sure he understood me! Don't you understand me now, my boy?"

She asked the question in French, and Sasha answered in the same language, "Yes, madam."

The lady clapped her hands in delight; but the Baron asked very sternly, "Where did you learn so many languages?"

"From me!" Gregor answered. "The boy likes to know things, and I've always thought—saving your opinion, my good lord—that when God gives anyone a strong wish for knowledge he means it to be answered. So I opened to him all there is in this foolish old head of mine, while we were together in the forest; and it was such a pleasure for him to take that it came to be a pleasure for me to give. You understand, my lady?"

"Yes," said the Baroness, "I understand that without Sasha's knowledge of German my husband would probably have been murdered."

"That's not so certain," the Baron replied. "But some celebrated man has said, 'All's well that ends well.' The fellow did his duty like a full-grown man, and I'll take care of him."

When the robbers were tried, Sasha was called upon to give testimony against them. One of the three having

been killed, the youngest one was not afraid to confess, and his story and Sasha's agreed perfectly. The boy described the unwillingness of the former to undertake the crime; even the Baron spoke in his favor; and the judge at last sentenced him to be banished to Siberia for only ten years, while the other robber was sent there for life.

That evening the Baron asked Sasha, "Should you like to be one of my house servants, boy?"

Just as his grandfather had advised him, Sasha answered, "It is not for me to choose, my lord, but I think I can serve you much more to your profit if you will let me try to become a merchant."

"A merchant!" the Baron exclaimed.

"Not all at once," said Sasha; "I could be of use now as a boy to help carry and sell things, because I can count and speak a little in other tongues. I should make myself so useful to some merchant that he would give me a chance to learn the whole business in time. Then I should earn money and could pay you for the privilege."

The Baron had often envied noblemen of his acquaintance, some of whose serfs were rich manufacturers or merchants who paid them large annual sums for the privilege of living for themselves. Here seemed to be a chance for him to gain something in the same way. The boy spoke so confidently, and looked in his face with such straightforward eyes, that he felt obliged to consider the proposition seriously.

"How will you get to St. Petersburg?" he asked.

"When you go, my lord," said Sasha, "I could sit on the box at the coachman's feet. I will help him with the horses, and it shall cost you nothing. When I get there, I know I shall find a place."

The Baron then said, "You may go."

III

Fifteen years have passed ; Sasha is now a man of thirty. He has a store and a warehouse on the great main street of St. Petersburg. He is a rich man but still a serf. He feels a thousand times more keenly than old Gregor what it is to be a serf. The old man is still living, but very feeble and helpless. Sasha has often grown wild at the thought that Gregor might die before knowing freedom.

One day his master, the Baron, sent for Sasha.

"Sasha," said the Baron, laying his hand upon the serf's shoulder with a familiarity he had never displayed before, "you are an honest, faithful fellow. I need a few thousand roubles for a month or two. Can you get the money for me?"

"I have heard, my lord," Sasha answered, "that you are in difficulty. I knew why you sent for me, and I come to offer you a way out of all your troubles. Your debts amount to more than a hundred thousand roubles ; should you like to be relieved of them?"

"Should I not!—but how?" the Baron cried.

"I will pay them, my lord, but you will do one thing for me in return."

"You?—you?"

"I," Sasha quietly answered; "I will free you, and you will free me."

"Ha!" the Baron cried, springing to his feet. His pride was touched. He was fond of boasting that he also had a serf who was a rich merchant, and the fact had many a time helped his credit when he wanted to borrow money. Unconsciously he shook his head.

"You have not the money," he said.

Sasha, who understood what was passing through the Baron's mind, suffered so much from his cruel uncertainty that he turned deadly pale.

"I am well known," he answered, "and can procure the money in an hour. How much is my serfdom worth to you? My annual payment is hardly one tenth of the interest which your debt wrings from you. I offer to release you from all trouble and thus add not less than eight thousand roubles a year to your income. And my freedom, which you can now sell to me at such a price, may be mine without buying in a few years more."

The emperor Alexander II had at that time just succeeded to the throne, and his intention to emancipate the serfs was already suspected by the people. Sasha knew that he was running a great risk in what he said; but his

clasped hands, his trembling voice, his eyes filled with tears, affected the Baron more powerfully than his words.

There was a long silence. The master turned away to the window and weighed the offer rapidly in his mind. The serf waited, in breathless anxiety, in the center of the room.

Suddenly the Baron turned and struck his clenched fist on the table. Then he stretched out his hand and said "Alexander Ivanovitch, I am glad to make your acquaintance as a friend. I am no longer your master."

Sasha took the hand, kissed it, and his tears fell fast. "Dear Lord Baron!" he cried; "give also the freedom of my father and grandfather, and I will add a payment of five thousand roubles a year for ten years to come!"

"And your ancestors for five hundred years back," the Baron answered, laughing. "I don't know their names, but they can be all thrown into the deed, in one lump."

Before another day it was done. Sasha and the living members of his family were free, and his ancestors would also have been free if they had not been dead. With the parchment, signed and sealed, in his pocket, he took a carriage and post horses and traveled day and night until he reached his native village.

No one knew the stranger in his rich merchant's dress; his father and brothers were in the fields at work, and his mother had stepped out to see a neighbor; old Gregor was alone in the house. He was leaning back in a rude arm-

chair with a sheepskin over his knees; his eyes were closed, his mouth slightly open, and his face so haggard and sunken that Sasha thought him dead.

He kneeled down beside the chair and placed his hand on the old man's heart, to see if it still beat. Gregor at last opened his eyes. "Little Sasha," he said, "little Sasha will keep his word."

"I have kept it, grandfather!" Sasha cried.

"It's a man, a brave-looking man," said Gregor; "but he has the boy's voice, and I know the boy's hand is on my heart."

Sasha could no longer restrain himself. "And the boy is a free man, grandfather!" he exclaimed; "we are all free; here is the Baron's deed, which says so, with the seal of the Empire upon it. Look, grandfather!—do you understand?—you are free!"

Gregor was lifted to his feet as if by an unseen hand. At that moment Sasha's parents and brothers entered the house. The old man did not heed their cries of astonishment; clasping the parchment to his breast, he looked upward and exclaimed in a piercing voice: "Free at last,—all free! I'll carry the news to God!" Then with a single gasp he reeled and, before anyone could reach him, fell at full length on the floor, dead.

BAYARD TAYLOR

THE WHITE PEDDLER

He knew he must make his own way in the world, but still Tom was in no haste to seek his fortune. He was a handsome young fellow, and it was very agreeable to lounge away life at home on the hunting field or in ball-rooms.

Popular opinion had already begun to set him down as a good-for-nothing fellow, when his elder brother married the daughter of a rich neighbor. Tom continued to enjoy himself to the top of his bent, until he suddenly discovered that he had fallen in love with Isabel, the younger sister of his brother's bride, who was just out of the schoolroom.

He went first to her father with his story, and then to his own, but was met by both with indignant contempt. Isabel was but a schoolgirl, and seemed destined some day to marry rank and title. He was penniless, and a feather-headed trifler who, it seemed, would never be able to support a wife or family.

Tom's course was not that which we should set before our readers as wise or right. But the facts must be told. He married Isabel the next day. Then he went to an old friend of the family and told him what he had done.

"I am going to work for my wife," he said. "I know no profession or business but farming, and not very much of that. I want you to lend me enough money to rent a small

dairy farm and to stock it. In four years I will pay you principal and interest."

"What security have you, Tom? your father?"

Tom shook his head.

"Belle's father?"

"No, sir."

"If they will not trust you, how should I?"

Tom laughed. He would have laughed, probably, if death had faced him.

"I think you will, Mr. Varens. I have no security to offer but my own will and strength. But I'll pay you in four years to the last penny."

The old gentleman pushed up his spectacles and scanned the flushed, resolute face before him.

"I'll risk it, Tom," he said at last. "But remember, this is a strict business transaction. Not friendship."

Tom proceeded after this with a caution and good sense which amazed everybody. He sought the advice of skilled farmers in choosing his land and in stocking it. There was a comfortable little farmhouse on it, in which he settled his young wife. At once they gave up society and took their position as dairy farmers who meant to earn their living by hard work.

Tom studied hard to master every detail of his business; his wife, like other matrons of that day, was busy with her maids, spinning, weaving, "laying down" jellies and herbs. Unlike those of other proud young housewives,

however, Belle's stores were not for herself. Old Derry, the foreman of the farm, carried them, together with the butter and cheese, into the city to be sold. Every penny that could be saved was laid by to help Tom meet the yearly payments to Mr. Varens.

They were met, and at the end of the fourth year the full remaining payment (about two thousand dollars in our money) was ready. Shilling by shilling it had been saved, by dint of hard work and small economies that had left Tom a graver man and had taken much of the bloom and freshness from his wife's childish face.

On the last day of the year Tom wrote to his creditor:

Dear Mr. Varens,—I will bring over the remainder of the principal, with interest up to date, tomorrow afternoon. I am glad you trusted me. I shall never forget it.

Your obedient servant

Thomas Hardy

P.S.—Belle helped me to keep my word.

Belle was looking over his shoulder, and laughed aloud at this. But the tears at the same time ran down her cheeks.

"Never mind, little woman," he said, kissing her. "It has been a steep hill to climb, but we are on the top now. After this we will stand on our own feet and owe not a farthing to anybody. We shall live in comfort and plenty."

They sat late that evening over the fire, planning improvements in the house, and little comforts which they had never before been able to afford. The next morning there was a flutter of excitement all through the farm. Even Mysie, the hen-wife, knew that "the master" was going on a journey of importance.

It was a ride of thirty miles through a desolate tract, part of the road running along the ridge of an uninhabited range of mountains which were infested by highwaymen.

Chief among these was one known as the White Peddler, from the fact that he rode a gray mare, wore a white greatcoat, and carried a knapsack in shape like a peddler's pack. Scarcely a week passed which did not bring tidings of some traveler who had fallen victim to this robber, who was as expert and polite in his calling as Dick Turpin himself.

Tom, preparing to start, hid the bag of coin under the capes of his greatcoat, and put his pistols into the holsters. Belle clung to him, begging him to take one of the men with him.

"He may kill you, Tom, if you meet him!"

"Nonsense! Kill a poor dairy farmer!"

"He may take the money, and we shall have to begin all over again."

"For shame, Belle! I thought you more of a woman. No White Peddler shall have the money,—if there be any such person, which I very much doubt."

It was a gray, cold day in December. A light snow lay

on the ground. Tom's road led him at first through villages and farms where he was well known. Friends and neighbors ran out to meet him, and, as he stopped to chat with each, the morning slipped by. It was an hour past midday before he struck into the lonely road which led up to the mountains. Near the foot of the first range of hills was a small cabin. Tom dismounted, tied his horse to the fence, and went in to warm himself. When he came out he noticed a gray mare standing at the back of the house.

"Some cotter on his way down to market," thought Tom, as he mounted and rode on.

It was an hour before he reached the top of the hill range. The snow on the road was unbroken except by his own horse's feet. He had not passed a single house.

"This is the Peddler's hunting ground," thought Tom, mechanically taking out his pistols to examine them again. The load was drawn, and they were wet with a liquid which smelled like sour beer.

"This was done at the cabin! I am to have a fight for it!" flashed through his mind, just as he heard the soft footfalls of a horse in the snow, coming up a bypath. He had scarcely time to thrust the unloaded pistols back when a man mounted on a gray mare quietly joined him. He was a short, powerfully built fellow dressed in a white greatcoat and low gray hat, beneath which looked out a pleasant, ruddy face and humorous blue eyes.

"Good morning, Mr. Hardy."



"Good morning," said Tom, heartily. He took in the situation at a glance. The man was armed; he, unarmed. The Peddler was a stronger man than he.

"My only chance is to try my wits against his." He looked forward. The road for a mile or two was wide enough for two to keep abreast; then it narrowed, going down the hill, so that they must ride singly. "He will attack me there," thought Tom, while he exchanged the news of the last market day with his companion.

The Peddler appeared to be as much in need of society as money. He soon made a joke, after the usual Irish fashion of those days. Tom replied with one of his best stories,—and nobody could tell a better story than Tom. The Peddler enjoyed it and retorted with another, until their shouts of laughter rang through the hills. Never at any state dinner had Tom Hardy so exerted himself as now; anecdote followed anecdote, and retort followed repartee. Never, too, had he found a more appreciative companion. The Peddler's face flushed, and his eyes twinkled with enjoyment.

They had nearly reached the turn where the road suddenly narrowed. In a field, some twenty rods from the road, stood another cabin. The highwayman drew rein.

"I'm chilled to the marrow. This fellow has excellent whisky, Mr. Hardy. What do you say?"

"I'm ready," said Tom, who was dismounting quickly, without a trace of hesitation.

The Peddler threw himself from his mare and started briskly toward the house. Tom fumbled, as if tying his horse, until the highwayman's back was turned; then, leaping into his saddle, he seized the bridle of the robber's horse and galloped down the hill, where he threw her loose.

He heard a volley of curses from several voices near him. A bullet whizzed past his ear; another tore the cloth from his side. The Peddler was a good marksman.

Then came the clatter of hoofs behind. The keeper of the cabin, who was an accomplice of the robbers, had a horse ready saddled.

Tom put spurs to his horse, shouted, called to him, patted his neck. He knew, and the horse seemed to know, that the race was for life or death. The Peddler would never forgive the trick that had been played him.

The mad race continued, the highwayman still behind, yelling breathless oaths. Half an hour later Tom dashed into the town of Doneraile. The Peddler drew rein outside, not daring to enter, as it was still daylight.

The next morning Tom paid his debt and went home to his wife, lighter in pocket but the richer by a good story, which he delighted to tell to the day of his death.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

VACATION SONG

Up! up! my friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening luster mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good,
 Than all the sages can.

.

Enough of science and of art;
 Close up those barren leaves;
 Come forth, and bring with you a heart
 That watches and receives.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The world is too much with us: late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE VICTOR OF MARENGO

Napoleon was sitting in his tent. Before him lay a map of Italy. He took four pins, stuck them up, measured, moved the pins, and measured again. "Now," said he, "that is right. I will capture him there."

"Who, sire?" said an officer.

"Melas, the old fox of Austria. He will return from Genoa, pass through Turin, and fall back on Alessandria. I will cross the Po, meet him on the plains of La Servia, and conquer him there." And the finger of the child of destiny pointed to Marengo. But God thwarted Napoleon's schemes, and the well-planned victory of Napoleon became a terrible defeat.

Just as the day was lost, Desaix came sweeping across the field at the head of his cavalry and halted near the eminence where stood Napoleon. In the corps was a drummer boy, a gamin whom Desaix had picked up in the streets of Paris, and who had followed the victorious eagles of France in the campaigns of Egypt and Austria.

As the column halted, Napoleon shouted to him, "Beat a retreat!"

The boy did not stir.

"Gamin, beat a retreat!"

The boy grasped his drumsticks, stepped forward, and said: "O sire, I don't know how; Desaix never taught me that. But I can beat a charge. Oh! I can beat a charge

that would make the dead fall in line. I beat that charge at the Pyramids once, and I beat it at Mount Tabor, and I beat it again at the Bridge of Lodi, and oh! may I beat it here?"

Napoleon turned to Desaix: "We are beaten; what shall we do?"

"Do? Beat them! There is time to win victory yet. Up! gamin, the charge! Beat the old charge of Mount Tabor and Lodi!"

A moment later the corps, following Desaix and keeping step to the furious roll of the gamin's drum, swept down on the host of Austria. They drove the first line back on the second, the second back on the third, and there they died. Desaix fell at the first volley, but the gamin was seen in front of the line, still beating the furious charge, as over the dead and wounded, over the breastworks and ditches, over the cannon and rear guard, he led the way to victory.

Today men point to Marengo with wonderment. They laud the power and foresight that so skillfully planned the battle; but they forget that Napoleon failed, and that a gamin of Paris put to shame the child of destiny.

J. T. HEADLEY

HOW THE WIND BLOWS

High and low

The spring winds blow!

They take the kites that the boys have made,

And carry them off high into the air;

They snatch the little girls' hats away,

And toss and tangle their flowing hair.

High and low

The summer winds blow!

They dance and play with the garden flowers,

And bend the grasses and yellow grain;

And rock the bird in her hanging nest,

And dash the rain on the windowpane.

High and low

The autumn winds blow!

They frighten the bees and blossoms away,

And whirl the dry leaves over the ground;

They shake the branches of all the trees,

And scatter ripe nuts and apples around.

High and low

The winter winds blow!

They fill the hollows with drifts of snow,

And sweep on the hills a pathway clear;

They hurry the children along to school,

And whistle a song for the happy New Year.

M. I. LOVEJOY

KING SOLOMON'S BLACKSMITH

And it came to pass when Solomon, the son of David, had finished the Temple of Jerusalem, that he called together the officers who were over the work, the master builders, the cunning workmen in silver and gold, and in wood and brass and stone, in purple and crimson and blue.

And he said unto them, "Sit ye down at my table; I have prepared a feast to honor all my chief workmen and cunning artificers—stretch forth your hands, therefore, and eat and drink and be merry."

And when Solomon and the chief workmen were seated, and the fatness of the land and the oil thereof were set upon the table, there came one who knocked loudly at the door and forced himself into the festal chamber. Then Solomon, the king, was wroth and said unto him, "Who art thou that comest hither unbidden?"

And the man answered and said, "When men wish to honor me, they call me Son of the Forge; but when they desire to mock me, they call me Blacksmith; and seeing that the toil of working in fire covers me with sweat and smut, the latter name, O king, is not unfit; and in truth thy servant desireth no better."

Then said Solomon unto him, "Why camest thou thus rudely and unbidden to the feast, to which none save the chief workmen of the Temple are invited?"

Then answered the man: "I came rudely, O king, because thy servant obliged me to force my way; but I came not unbidden. Was it not proclaimed that the chief workmen of the Temple were invited to dine with the king of Israel?"

Then he who carved the cherubim said, "This fellow is no graver." And he who inlaid the roof with pure gold said, "Neither is he a workman in precious metals." And he who squared the stone said, "He is not a hewer of stone." And he who made the roof cried out, "He is not cunning in cedar wood; neither knoweth he the mystery of joining timber."

Then said Solomon, "What hast thou to say, Son of the Forge? why should I not order thee to be plucked by the beard, scourged, and stoned to death?"

And when the Son of the Forge heard this he was in no sort dismayed, but advanced to the table and took up and swallowed a cup of wine, and said: "O king, live forever! The chief men of the workers in wood and gold and stone have said that I am not one of them, and they have said truly. I am greater than they; before they lived was I created. I am their master, and they are all my servants."

And he turned him round and said to the chief of the carvers in stone, "Who made the tools with which thou carvest?" And the chief carver said, "The blacksmith." And he said to the chief of the masons, "Who made

the chisels with which the great stones of the Temple were squared?" And the chief mason answered, "The blacksmith."

And he said to the chief of the hewers of wood, "Who made the tools with which thou hast hewed the trees on Lebanon and hast formed them into the pillars and roof of the Temple?" And the chief hewer said, "The blacksmith."

Then he said to the worker in gold and ivory, "Who made the instruments by which thou makest beautiful things for my lord the king?" And he said, "The blacksmith."

"Enough, enough, O Blacksmith," said Solomon; "thou has proved that I invited thee, and that in art thou hast precedence of all men. Go, wash the smut of the forge from thy face. Then shalt thou sit at my right hand."

And the master builders, and the cunning workmen in silver and gold, in wood and brass and stone, gave place to the blacksmith.

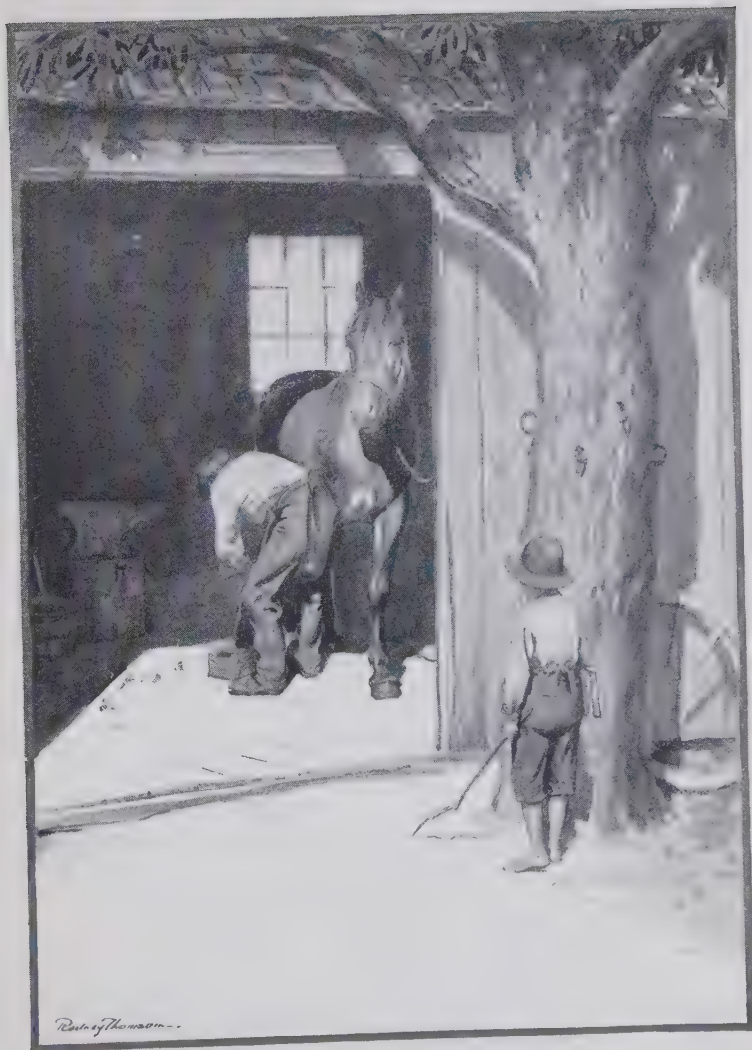
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.



Robert Thompson.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE

A well there is in the West country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the West country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveler came to the Well of St. Keyne:
Joyfully he drew nigh;
For from cock-crow he had been traveling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the house hard by
At the well to fill his pail,
On the well-side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
 "For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
 That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
 Ever here in Cornwall been?
For, an if she have, I'll venture my life
 She has drunk of the Well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
 The stranger he made reply;
"But that my draught should be better for that,
 I pray you answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish-man, "many a time
 Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her
 She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well
 Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
 For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,
 God help the husband then!"
The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,
 And drank of the waters again.



"You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes?"

He to the Cornish-man said;
But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch,
But i' faith, she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church."

ROBERT SOUTHEY

NOTE. In stanzas nine and ten there are two instances of poetical inversion. In prose the order would be "laid a spell [charm] on the water" and "shall drink of this gifted well."

There was an old man of Thermopylæ
Who never did anything properly;
But they said, "If you choose
To boil eggs in your shoes,
You cannot remain in Thermopylæ."

EDWARD LEAR

THE RUNAWAY CANNON

I

A terrible thing had happened. One of the short cannons of the battery, a twenty-four pounder, had got loose.

This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean accidents. Nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail.

A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard ball, rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching, goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate, resumes its course, rushes like an arrow from end to end of the ship, circles about, rears, breaks, kills.

The mad mass has the bounds of a panther, the weight of an elephant, the agility of a mouse, the obstinacy of an ass, the unexpectedness of the surging sea, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball.

What is to be done? A tempest ceases, a wind falls, a leak is stopped, a fire dies out; but how to control this brute of bronze? In what way can one attack it?

How foresee its comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? One has to deal with a projectile which thinks, which seems to possess ideas, and which changes its direction each instant.

The horrible cannon flings itself about, advances, recoils, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, breaks down obstacles, crushes men like flies.

The fault was the chief gunner's. He had neglected to fasten the gun securely in place. As a heavy wave struck the port, the carronade, weakly attached, recoiled, burst its chain, and began to rush wildly about.

At the moment when the lashings gave way, the gunners were in the battery, some in groups, others standing alone, occupied with such duties as sailors perform when expecting the command to clear for action. The cannon, hurled forward by the pitching, dashed into this knot of men and crushed four at the first blow; then, flung back and shot out anew by the rolling, it cut in two a fifth poor fellow, glanced off to the larboard side, and struck a piece of the battery with such force as to unship it.

Then arose the cry of distress. The men rushed to the ladder; the gun deck emptied in the twinkling of an eye. The enormous cannon was left alone. She was her own mistress, and mistress of the vessel. She could do what she willed with both. The whole crew, accustomed to laugh in battle, trembled now.

The captain and lieutenant, although both brave men, stopped at the head of the stairs and remained mute, pale, hesitating, looking down on the deck. Someone pushed them aside with his elbow and descended.

It was their passenger, the peasant,—the man of whom

they had been speaking the moment before. When he reached the foot of the ladder he stood still.

The cannon came and went along the deck. One might have fancied it the living chariot of the prophet's vision.¹ The marine lanterns swinging from the ceiling added a dizzying whirl of lights and shadows. The shape of the cannon could not be distinguished, so rapid was its course. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult.

The captain promptly recovered his composure, and at his order the sailors threw down upon the deck everything which could deaden and check the mad rush of the gun, —mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, and the bales of counterfeit assignats of which the ship carried a full cargo.

But what could these rags avail? No one dared descend to arrange them in any effective fashion, and in a few instants they were mere heaps of lint.

There was just enough sea to render the accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable; it might have thrown the gun upside down, and, the four wheels once in the air, the monster could have been captured. But the destruction increased. The mizzenmast was cracked, and the mainmast itself injured, under the convulsive blows of the gun. The battery was being destroyed. Ten pieces out of thirty were disabled; the breaches multiplied in the side, and the ship began to take in water.

¹ 2 Kings ii, 11.

II

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun deck, looked like a form of stone. He stood motionless, gazing sternly about. Indeed, it seemed impossible to take a single step forward.

Each bound of the cannon menaced the safety of the vessel. A few minutes more, and shipwreck must come. They must perish or put a summary end to the disaster; a decision must be made; but how?

They must check this mad monster. They must seize this flash of lightning. They must overthrow this thunderbolt.

"Do you believe in God, chevalier?" said the captain to the lieutenant.

"Yes. No. Sometimes," was the reply.

"In a tempest?"

"Yes; and in moments like this."

"Only God can aid us here," said the captain.

All were silent. The cannon kept up its horrible din.

The waves beat against the ship; their blows from without responded to the strokes of the cannon. It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly into the midst of this inaccessible circus there sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of the accident, the gunner whose negligence had caused it,—the captain of the gun.

Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one fist, a tiller rope with a slip noose in the other, and jumped down upon the gun deck.

Then a strange combat began,—the struggle of the gun against the gunner, a battle between matter and intelligence.

The man stood in one corner, holding in his hands the bar and the rope; livid, calm, tragic, he was as if rooted in the planks. He was waiting for the cannon to pass near him.

The gunner knew his piece, and he felt as if it must know him. They had lived together a long time. How often had he put his hand into its mouth! He began to talk to it as he might have done to his dog.

"Come!" said he.

Perhaps he loved it. He seemed to wish that it would turn toward him.

But to come toward him would be to spring upon him. Then he would be lost. All stared in terrified silence.

No one breathed freely, except, perchance, the old man, who stood, a stern second, in his place at the foot of the ladder. He might himself be crushed by the piece. He did not stir. Beneath them the blind sea directed the battle.

At the instant when, accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner came near to challenge the cannon,

some chance movement of the waves kept it for a moment still, as if stupefied.

"Come on!" the man said to it. It seemed to listen. Suddenly it darted upon him. He avoided the shock. The struggle began—struggle unheard of; the thing of flesh attacking the brazen mute; on the one side blind force, on the other a soul.

A soul; but you would have said that the cannon had one also—a soul filled with rage and hatred. The monster seemed to be watching the man.

There was—one might have fancied so, at least—cunning in the mass. It became a gigantic insect of metal, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. Sometimes it struck the low ceiling of the gun deck, then, falling back on its four wheels like a tiger upon its four claws, it darted anew on the man.

He—supple, agile, adroit—would glide like a snake from the reach of these lightninglike movements. He avoided the blows; but they fell upon the vessel with continued destruction.

An end of broken chain remained attached to the gun. This chain had twisted itself—one could not tell how—about the screw of the breech button. One end of the chain was fastened to the carriage. The other, hanging loose, whirled wildly about the gun, increasing the danger with every bound of the cannon. It was like a lash of iron in a fist of brass.

Nevertheless, the man fought. Sometimes even it was the man who attacked the cannon. He crept along the side, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon had the air of understanding, and fled as if it saw the snare. The man pursued. Such a duel could not last long.

Suddenly the gun seemed to say to itself, "Come, we must make an end of this!" and it paused. One felt the approach of a crisis.

It sprang unexpectedly upon the gunner. He jumped aside and cried out, with a laugh, "Try again!" The gun, as if in a fury, broke a cannon to larboard, then, seized anew by the invisible sling which held it, was flung to starboard toward the man, who escaped.

Three cannon gave way under the blows of the gun; then, as if blind and no longer conscious of what it was doing, it turned back on the man, rolling from the stern to the bow, bruising the stern and making a breach in the planking of the prow.

The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from the old man, who was watching. The gunner held his handspike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him and, without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an ax stroke.

The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a cry.

But the old passenger, until now motionless, made a spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized

a bale of the assignats and, at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the cannon.

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree branch turn an avalanche.

The cannon stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels.

The cannon was stopped. It staggered. The man, using the bar as a lever, rocked it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong and passed the slip noose about the bronze neck of the overthrown monster.

It was ended. The man had conquered. The pygmy had taken the thunderbolt prisoner. The whole crew hurried down with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was securely lashed.

VICTOR HUGO

HORATIUS

In the earliest times Rome was governed by kings. Legends tell us of seven of these early rulers, the last of whom was Tarquin the Proud. During the reign of this last Tarquin his son Sextus, a wild, unrestrained youth, committed a crime which so enraged the Roman people that they drove the entire Tarquin family out of Rome and changed the government to a republic. Tarquin went among the neighboring Latin tribes, seeking to gain their help in making war against his former subjects and in restoring him to the throne. Lars Porsena of Clusium, an Etruscan lord, or king, at length agreed to help him, and marched to Rome at the head of a large force of soldiers from the Etruscan towns lying northward, in the valley of the Po. The Romans had made a fortification on the hill Janiculum, separated from the city by a wooden bridge over the Tiber.

But Porsena and his allies by a forced march surprised the Romans, seized Janiculum, and were about to cross the river, when the Roman, Horatius Cocles, with two companions, dashed to the end of the bridge nearest Janiculum and held back the invaders while the citizens cut down the bridge.

Macaulay has described the scene in his famous poem, which is one of the "Lays of Ancient Rome." "Horatius" consists of nearly six hundred lines. As it is too long to

quote entire, we have chosen enough to give the story, and the finest of the descriptive passages.

Lars Porsena of Clusium

By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome!

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market place;
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,

Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine;

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign¹
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

I wis, in all the Senate
There was no heart so bold
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith uprose the Consul,
Uprose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council, standing
Before the river-gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.

¹ The historical pronunciation "chăm'pān" is common in English verse.

Out spake the Consul roundly:

“The bridge must straight go down;
For since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town.”

Just then a scout came flying,

All wild with haste and fear:
“To arms!-to arms, Sir Consul!
Lars Porsena is here.”

On the low hills to westward

The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer

Doth the red whirlwind come:
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpets' war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.

And plainly and more plainly

Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
 And the Consul's speech was low,
 And darkly looked he at the wall,
 And darkly at the foe:
 "Their van will be upon us
 Before the bridge goes down;
 And if they once may win the bridge,
 What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The captain of the gate:
 "To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late.
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers
 And the temples of his gods?

.

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play.
 In yon strait path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three.
 Now who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
 A Ramnian proud was he:
 "Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee."
 And out spake strong Herminius;
 Of Titian blood was he:
 "I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
 "As thou sayest, so let it be."
 And straight against that great array
 Went forth the dauntless three.
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
 Then all were for the state;
 Then the great man helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great:
 Then lands were fairly portioned;
 Then spoils were fairly sold:
 The Romans were like brothers
 In the brave days of old.

.

Now while the three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an ax:
And Fathers, mixed with Commons,
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless three.

The three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;

To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
 And lifted high their shields, and flew
 To win the narrow way;

Aunus, from green Tifernum,
 Lord of the hill of vines;
 And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
 Sicken in Ilva's mines;
 And Picus, long to Clusium
 Vassal in peace and war,
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
 From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
 The fortress of Nequinum lowers
 O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
 Into the stream beneath;
 Herminius struck at Seius,
 And clove him to the teeth;
 At Picus brave Horatius
 Darted one fiery thrust,
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
 Rushed on the Roman three;
 And Lausulus of Urgo,
 The rover of the sea;

And Aruns of Volsinium,
 Who slew the great wild boar—
 The great wild boar that had his den
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
 And wasted fields and slaughtered men
 Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
 Lartius laid Ocnus low;
 Right to the heart of Lausulus
 Horatius sent a blow:
 "Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
 No more, aghast and pale,
 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
 The track of thy destroying bark;
 No more Campania's hinds shall fly
 To woods and caverns, when they spy
 Thy thrice-accursèd sail."

.

But meanwhile ax and lever
 Have manfully been plied;
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 "Come back, come back, Horatius!"
 Loud cried the fathers all.
 "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
 Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken,
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down in fierce career
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.
 "Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face;
 "Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
 "Now yield thee to our grace!"

Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see;
 Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus naught spake he;
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home;
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
 To whom the Romans pray,
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
 Take thou in charge this day!"
 So he spake, and speaking sheathed
 The good sword by his side,
 And with his harness on his back
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank,
 But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
 With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank;
 And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
 Swollen high by months of rain;
 And fast his blood was flowing,
 And he was sore in pain,
 And heavy with his armor,
 And spent with changing blows;
 And oft they thought him sinking,
 But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
 In such an evil case,
 Struggle through such a raging flood
 Safe to the landing place;
 But his limbs were borne up bravely
 By the brave heart within,
 And our good father Tiber
 Bare bravely up his chin.



"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus,
 "Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
 "And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
 Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the fathers
 To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the river-gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
 That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
 Could plow from morn till night;
And they made a molten image
 And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
 To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see,—
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written
In letters all of gold
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

THE FINDING OF DR. LIVINGSTONE

Early in the year 1871 an expedition left a town on the east coast of Africa to discover if possible what had become of Dr. David Livingstone, a Scottish missionary, who had not been heard of for two years.

The expense of fitting out an expedition to go into the interior of what was then known as the Dark Continent was very great. It was undertaken by a young man who was manager of a New York newspaper. He chose for the leader of the expedition an Englishman named Henry Stanley, who had lived in the United States for some time, and who was himself interested in what Livingstone might have discovered. It was well known that the missionary's desire to find the source of the Nile was one of the chief reasons for his latest journey to Africa. No doubt Stanley hoped to be the first to bring back the news of some interesting exploration. The following account of his journey is based upon the journal which he kept, and which was published on his return.

It was important to begin the journey into the interior at the earliest possible moment. In the first place, if Livingstone heard that he was being followed, he would perhaps push still farther on into the wilderness. He had already been ordered to return, but the desire to carry on his discoveries was too strong for him to resist. Secondly, it was almost time for the heavy rains to begin, and

Stanley did not wish to be delayed by them at the very beginning of the undertaking.

One of the first things he had to do in preparation for the adventure was to pack the goods that he was to carry with him. He had hired men and donkeys to carry the packs, which were to be made up so as to be light and compact. It was necessary to carry cloth and beads and wire, not only for trading purposes but also to pay tribute to the great chiefs along the way. The tribute was packed by itself, for it consisted of the finest quality of cloth, which had to be protected against rain and accident. In East Africa money was unknown; cloth took the place of silver, beads were used instead of copper, and wire instead of gold.

Each bale when it was ready was a foot thick, a foot wide, and a little more than a yard long. It weighed about seventy pounds. Eighty-two of these bales were got ready; there were also boat-fixings, tents, cooking utensils, dishes, medicine, guns and powder, and small necessities like soap, sugar, tea, and candles, which made a total of one hundred and fifty-three loads.

At last the expedition was ready to start. Four caravans were sent out in February and March, and the fifth, headed by Stanley himself, left the coast on the twenty-first of the latter month. The road was only a footpath, but at first it led over fertile fields where the natives, in scanty costumes, were at work. The strange white men, in their cork

helmets, their flannel suits, and their high boots, were a source of much interest. Giggling and pointing, the black farmers drew near the caravan, evidently ridiculing what seemed to them an absurd costume.

Beyond the fields the travelers came to a thick jungle, and soon found themselves on the banks of a river famous for its hippopotami. In the shallow waters on the sand bars the great animals lay with their heavy shoulders exposed to the sunshine. When they were startled they would plunge into the water, lashing it to a yellow foam, and disappear below the surface. Presently they would come up to the surface, blowing the water from their nostrils and gazing curiously around. Stanley was told by the natives that the huge beasts often left the river and wandered over the fields, making sad havoc among the crops.

On the farther side of the river a canoe paddler, waiting among the thick brakes, spied the caravan and came across to their assistance. The goods were loaded into his huge canoe, a rope was tied around the animals' necks to haul them through the water, and in time the crossing was safely made.

The western side of the river was an improvement upon what they had just been through. There was an open plain and then a growth of young ebony trees. Beyond, the slight slopes were crested with the dark-green leaves of the mango and the lighter-colored foliage of the calabash.

A few days later the rains began in good earnest. The

low ground turned into a swamp, and the higher land was soft and slippery with mud. The leader of the caravan decided to wait for a favorable time to resume the march, and they spent some days in a native village.

On the eighth of April a fresh start was made. The traveling now was wearisome beyond words. The jungle was continuous, the path was so narrow and the branches so stiff that the packs were constantly being jerked down from their places, while the rank odors from the plants that grew along the way made the men half sick.

As they went farther from the coast the inhabitants of the rude villages they passed were less and less civilized. There were constant thefts of food and goods, to be punished or endured as the case might be. Sometimes the water was unfit to drink, and both donkeys and men had to be prevented from making themselves ill.

In spite of the greatest care some of the donkeys died, and the men were nearly worn out with carrying the heavy packs. The heat was often unbearable, reaching at times 128° F., and there were constant complaints to tax the leader's patience and wisdom.

After the rains the sites of the old caravan camps, to which the travelers naturally went, were infested with armies of ants and other insects. Centipedes clambered about everywhere. Yellow-headed wasps, as poisonous as scorpions, made their nests in the underbrush, and the camp swarmed with flies.

Only tight-rope walkers could have kept their balance on the bridges, made of tree trunks, which served the natives. Five miserable donkeys were all that were left. The cart which had been so greatly admired by the savages was now an added burden, and on one occasion the man who had been sent to fetch it in a hurry brought it into camp on his head,—wheels, shafts, axle, body, and all,—that being the easiest way to handle it.

Day after day went by with no word of Dr. Livingstone. Once there was a rumor of his having been seen in a distant village, and the future looked hopeful to Mr. Stanley. Then, after days spent in lonely swamps, his courage would be sorely tried. But not for a moment did he think of giving up his undertaking. Sometimes the way was so rough that a whole day would be spent in covering five or six miles. Sometimes he would sink to his neck in deep mudholes where an elephant had left its heavy tracks. The grasses, which before the rains had been only a foot or so high, now towered far above his head and cut off light, air, and view.

But the caravan went on. It was easier now, for the natives had burned the long grass and it was possible to see where the way led. The travelers passed thriving villages, where they were able to get milk and food and honey. But their trials were by no means over. As they went on they had adventures with wild beasts, and with savage tribes at war with one another, and there were

constantly all kinds of sickness to combat. It was not until November that what remained of the expedition came to Ujiji, where Dr. Livingstone had last been seen. The story of the climax of the long journey may be abridged from Stanley's own account.

November 10th, Friday. The 236th day of our journey. It is a glorious morning. The air is fresh and cool. The deep woods are crowned in bright green leafage, and the river seems to challenge us for the race to Ujiji.

We ascend a hill overgrown with bamboo, descend into a ravine, ascend another short hill, and then along a smooth footpath we push on as only eager, light-hearted men can do.

In two hours I am warned to prepare for the view of Tanganyika Lake, and a little farther on there is a silvery gleam. Here it is at last,—an immense broad sheet, a burnished bed of silver. The Tanganyika! Hurrah! and the men respond to the exultant cry of the Anglo-Saxon with the lungs of stentors.

We are descending the western slope of the mountain. We wade through the clear stream, arrive on the other side, and find ourselves surrounded by gardens. I notice the graceful palms and the small villages surrounded with frail cane fences. We ascend the long slope of a naked ridge, travel across it, and arrive at its western rim.

The port of Ujiji is below us, embowered in the palms.

At this moment we do not think of the hundreds of miles we have marched, of the hundreds of hills we have ascended and descended, of the many forests we have traversed, of the jungles and thickets that annoyed us, of the hot suns that scorched us, nor of the dangers and difficulties, now happily surmounted.

"Unfurl your flags and load your guns!"

"Aye, aye," respond the men eagerly.

"One, two, three, fire!"

A volley from nearly fifty guns roars like a salute from a battery of artillery.

"Now hold the white man's flag up high and keep firing until we halt in the market place or before the white man's house. March!"

Before we had gone a hundred yards our repeated volleys had the effect desired. We had awakened Ujiji to the knowledge that a caravan was coming, and the people were rushing up in hundreds to meet us. The sight of the flags informed everyone that we were a caravan, but the American flag rather staggered them at first. However, many of the people who now approached us remembered it. They had seen it float from ships in Zanzibar, and they were soon heard welcoming the beautiful flag with cries of "A white man's flag! The American flag!"

Then we were surrounded by natives and Arabs and were almost deafened by their shouts. . . . The news had been conveyed to the Doctor that it was surely a white man that

was coming, whose guns were firing and whose flags could be seen. The great Arab magnates of Ujiji had gathered before the Doctor's house, and he had come out from his veranda to await my arrival.

In the meantime the head of the expedition had halted, and Selim said to me: "I see the Doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has a white beard."

And I—what would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness, where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it detract from the dignity of a white man.

I pushed back the crowds and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people until I came to the semicircle of Arabs, in front of which stood the man with the gray beard. As I advanced toward him I noticed that he was pale, looked wearied, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, and had on a red-sleeved waistcoat and a pair of gray tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob. I would have embraced him, only he was an Englishman, and I did not know how he would receive me. So I did what my cowardice and false pride suggested,—walked deliberately up to him, took off my hat, and said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

We both grasped hands and I then said, "I thank God, Doctor, that I have been permitted to see you."

He answered, "I feel grateful that I am here to welcome you."

I turn to the Arabs, take off my hat to them in response to the saluting chorus I receive, and the Doctor introduces them to me by name. Then Livingstone and I turn our faces toward his *tembe*. He points to the veranda, or rather the mud platform, and to his own seat. It has a straw mat and a goatskin nailed against the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud.

More than a thousand natives are in front of us, filling the whole square densely and discussing our meeting.

Livingstone and I conversed upon many things, especially upon his own immediate troubles and his disappointment when he arrived at Ujiji to learn that all his goods had been sold and that he was reduced to poverty.

The day, like all others, gradually faded away.

"Doctor," I said, "you had better read your letters. I will not keep you up longer."

"Yes," he said, "it is late, and I will go and read my friends' letters. Good night and God bless you!"

THE ELEPHANT REMEMBERS

I

Far in a remote section of British India, in a strange, wild province called Burma, Muztagh was born; and although he was born in captivity, the property of a mahout, in his first hour he heard the far-off call of the wild elephants in the jungle.

The Burmans, like the other people of India, always watch the first hour of a baby's life very closely. They know that some incident will occur that will point, as a weather vane points in the wind, to the baby's future. Often they have to call a man versed in magic to interpret, but sometimes the prophecy is quite self-evident. No one knows whether or not it works the same with baby elephants, but certainly this wild, far-carrying call, not to be imitated by any living voice, did seem a token and an omen in the life of Muztagh; and it is a curious fact that the little baby lifted his ears at the sound and rocked back and forth on his pillar legs.

Of all the places in the great world only a few remain wherein a captive elephant hears at birth the call of his wild brethren. Muztagh's birthplace lies around the corner of the Bay of Bengal, almost north of Java. It is strange and wild and dark beyond the power of words to tell. There are great dark forests, unknown, slow-moving rivers, and jungles silent and dark and impenetrable.

Little Muztagh weighed a flat two hundred pounds at birth. But this was not the queerest thing about him. Elephant babies, although usually weighing not more than one hundred and eighty, often touch two hundred. The queerest thing was a peculiarity that probably was completely overlooked by his mother. If she saw it out of her dull eyes, she took no notice of it. It was not definitely discovered until the mahout came out of his hut with a lighted fagot for a first inspection.

The mahout knew elephants from head to tail, and he was very well acquainted with the three grades that compose that breed. The least valuable of all are the Mierga, —a light, small-headed, thin-skinned, weak-trunked, and unintelligent variety that are often found in the best elephant herds. Frequently they are born of the most noble parents, and they are as big a problem to elephant men as razorbacks to hog-breeders. Then there is a second variety, the Dwasala, that compose the great bulk of the herd,—a good, substantial, strong, intelligent grade of elephant. But the Kumiria is the best of all; and when one is born in a captive herd, it is a time for rejoicing. He is the perfect elephant,—heavy, symmetrical, trustworthy, and fearless,—fitted for the pageantry of kings.

As the mahout stood, lifting the fagot high, he heard the wild elephants trumpeting from the hills. He turned his head in amazement. A Burman, and particularly one who chases the wild elephants in their jungles, is intensely

superstitious, and for an instant it seemed to him that the wild trumpeting must have some secret meaning, it was so loud and triumphant and prolonged. It was greatly like the far-famed elephant salute (ever one of the mysteries of those most mysterious of animals) that the great creatures utter at certain occasions and times.

"Are you saluting this little one?" he cried. "He is not a wild tusker like you. He is not a wild pig of the jungle. He is born in bonds, such as you will wear, too, after the next drive!"

They trumpeted again, as if in scorn of his words. Their great strength was given them to rule the jungle, not to haul logs and pull chains! The man turned back to the lines and lifted higher his light.

Yes, the little elephant in the light-glow was of the Kumiria. Never had there been a more perfect calf. The light of greed sprang again in his eyes; and as he held the fagot nearer so that the beams played in the elephant's eyes and on his coat, the mahout sat down and was still, lest the gods observe his good luck and, being jealous, turn it into evil.

The coat was not pinky dark, as is usual in baby elephants. It was distinctly light-colored,—only a few degrees darker than white.

The man understood at once. In the elephants, as well as in all other breeds, an albino is sometimes born. A perfectly white elephant, up to a few years ago, had never

been seen, but on rare occasions elephants are born with light-colored hides. Such creatures are bought at fabulous prices by the Malay and Siamese princes, to whom a white elephant is the greatest treasure that a king can possess.

Muztagh was a long way from being an albino, yet a tendency in that direction had bleached his hide. And the man knew that on the morrow Dugan Sahib would pay him a lifetime's earnings for the little wobbly calf, whose welcome had been the wild cries of the tuskers in the jungle.

II

Little Muztagh (which means White Mountain in an ancient tongue) did not enjoy his babyhood at all. He was born with the memory of jungle kingdoms, and the life in the elephant lines almost killed him with dullness.

He had been bought the second day of his life by Dugan Sahib, and the great white heaven-born saw to it that he underwent none of the risks that are the happy fate of most baby elephants. His mother was not taken on the elephant drives into the jungles, so he never got a taste of this exciting sport. Mostly she was kept chained in the lines, and every day Langur Dass, the low-caste hillman in Dugan's employ, grubbed grass for her in the valleys. All night long, except the regular four hours of sleep, he would hear her grumble and rumble and mutter discontent that her little son shared with her.

Muztagh's second year was little better. Of course he had reached the age where he could eat such dainties as grass and young sugar cane, but these things could not make up for the fun he was missing in the hills. He would stand long hours watching their purple tops against the skies, and his little dark eyes would glow. He would see the storms break and flash above them, behold the rains lash down through the jungles, and he was always filled with strange longings and desires that he was too young to understand or to follow. He would see the white haze steam up from the labyrinth of wet vines, and he would tingle and scratch for the feel of its wetness on his skin. And often, when the mysterious Burman night came down, it seemed to him that he would go mad. He would hear the wild tuskers trumpeting in the jungles a very long way off, and the myriad noises of the mysterious night, and at such times even his mother looked at him with wonder.

"O little restless one," Langur Dass would say, "thou, thy mother, and I have one heart between us. We know the burning—we understand, we three!"

It was true that Langur Dass understood more of the ways of the forest people than any other hillman in the encampment. But his caste was low, and he was careless and lazy beyond words, and the hunters had mostly only scorn for him. They called him Langur after a gray-bearded breed of monkeys along the slopes of the Hima-

layas. He never wanted to join in the drives, which was a strange thing indeed for a man bred in the hills. Perhaps he was afraid; but yet they could remember a certain day in the bamboo thickets, when a great wild buffalo had charged their camp and Langur Dass had acted as if fear were something he had never heard of.

One day they asked him about it. "Tell us, Langur Dass," they asked, mocking the ragged, dejected-looking creature; "if thy name speaks truth, thou art brother to many monkey folk, and who knows the jungle better than thou or they? None but the monkey folk and thou canst talk with my lord the elephant. We have seen thee do it, Langur Dass. How is it that when we go hunting, thou art afraid to come?"

Langur looked at them out of his dull eyes. "Elephants are of the jungle. You are of the cooking-pots and thatch! How should such folk as you are understand?" he asked.

This was flat heresy from their viewpoint. There is a legend among the elephant-catchers to the effect that at one time men were subject to the elephants. Yet as a rule the elephants that these men knew were patient and contented in their bonds. Mostly they loved their mahouts, gave their strong backs willingly to toil, and were always glad and ready to join in the chase after others of their breed. Only on certain nights of the year, when the tusked called from the jungles, and the spirit of the wild was abroad, would their love of liberty return to them.

But to all this little Muztagh was distinctly an exception. Even though he had been born in captivity, his desire for liberty was with him just as constantly as his trunk or his ears. He had no love for the mahout that rode his mother. He took little interest in the brown boys and girls that played before his stall. He would stand and look over their heads into the wild, dark heart of the jungle that no man can ever quite understand. And, being only a beast, he did not know anything about the caste of the men he saw; but he did know that one of them, the low-caste Langur Dass, ragged and dirty and despised, wakened a responsive chord in his lonely heart.

They would have long talks together; that is, Langur would talk and Muztagh would mumble. "Little calf, little fat one," the man would say, "can great rocks stop a tree from growing? Shall iron shackles stop a prince from being king? Muztagh, jewel among jewels! Thy heart speaks through those sleepless eyes of thine! Have patience; what thou knowest, who shall take away from thee?"

But most of the mahouts and catchers noticed the rapidity with which the little Muztagh acquired weight and strength. He outweighed, at the age of three, any calf of his season in the encampment by a full two hundred pounds. And of course three in an elephant is no older than three in a human child. He was still just a baby, even if he did have the wild tusked love of liberty.

"Shalt thou never lie the day long in the cool mud, little one? Never see a storm break on the hills? nor feel a warm rain dripping through the branches? Or are these matters part of thee that none may steal?" Langur Dass would ask him, contented to wait a very long time for his answer. "I think already that thou knowest how the tiger steals away at thy shrill note; how thickets feel, that crash beneath thy hurrying weight! How knowest thou these things? Not as I know them, who have seen—nay, but as a king knows conquering; it's in thy blood! Is a bundle of sugar cane tribute enough for thee, Kumiria? Shall purple trappings please thee? Answer, lord of mighty memories!"

And Muztagh answered in his own way, without sound or emphasis, but giving his love to Langur Dass, a love as large as the big elephant heart from which it had sprung. No other man could even win his friendship. The smell of the jungle was on Langur Dass. The mahouts and hunters smelled more or less of civilization and were convinced for their part that the disposition of the little light-colored elephant was beyond redemption.

"He is a born rogue," was their verdict, and they meant by that a particular kind of elephant, sometimes a young male, more often an old and savage tusker, alone in the jungle, apart from the herd. "Woe to the fool prince who buys this one!" said the graybeard catchers. "There is murder in his eyes."

But Langur Dass would only look wise when he heard these remarks. He knew elephants. The gleam in the dark eyes of Muztagh was not viciousness but simply inheritance,—a love of the wide wild spaces that left no room for ordinary friendships.

But calf love and mother love bind other animals as well as men, and possibly he might have perfectly fulfilled the plans Dugan had made for him but for a mistake the sahib made in the little calf's ninth year. He sold Muztagh's mother to an elephant-breeder from a distant province. Little Muztagh saw her march away between two tuskers, down the long elephant trail into the valley and the shadow.

"Watch the little one closely tonight," Dugan Sahib said to his mahout. So, when they had led him back and forth along the lines, they saw that the ends of his ropes were pegged down tightly. They were horsehair ropes, far beyond the strength of any normal nine-year-old elephant to break. Then they went to the huts and left him to shift restlessly from foot to foot, and think.

Probably he would have been satisfied with thinking, for Muztagh did not know his strength, and thought he was securely tied. The incident that upset the mahout's plans was simply that the wild elephants trumpeted again from the hills.

Muztagh heard the sound, long-drawn and strange from the silence of the jungle. The great ears pricked forward,

the whipping tail stood still. It was a call never to be denied. The blood was leaping in his veins.

He suddenly rocked forward with all his strength. The rope spun tight, hummed, and snapped,—very softly indeed. Then he padded in silence out among the huts, and nobody who had not seen him do it would believe how silently an elephant can move when he sees fit.

None of the mahouts was awake to see him. No voice called him back. The grass gave way to bamboo thickets, the smell of the huts to the wild, bewitching perfumes of the jungle.

Then, still in silence, he walked forward, with his trunk outstretched, into the jungle and was born again.

III

Muztagh's reception was cordial from the very first. The great bulls of the herd stood still and lifted their ears when they heard him grunting up the hill. But he slipped among them and was forgotten at once. They had no dealings with the princes of Malay and Siam, and his light-colored coat meant nothing whatever to them. If they did any thinking about him at all, it was just to wonder why a calf with all the evident marks of a nine-year-old should be so tall and weigh so much.

One can fancy that the great old wrinkled tusker that led the herd peered at him now and then out of his little red eyes and wondered. A herd-leader begins to think

about future contestants for his place as soon as he acquires the leadership. But this little one would not have his greatest strength for fifteen years.

It was a compact, medium-sized herd. The elephants ranged all the way in size from the great leader, who stood ten feet and weighed nearly nine thousand pounds, to little two-hundred-and-fifty-pound babies that had been born that season. And before long the entire herd began its cautious advance into the deeper hills.

Muztagh found the first night in the jungle wonderful past all dreams. The mist on his skin was the same cool joy he had expected. There were sounds too that set his great muscles aquiver. He heard the sound that the bamboos make,—the little click-click of the stems in the wind,—the soft rustle and stir of many leafy tendrils entwining and touching together, and the whisper of the wind over the jungle grass. And he knew, because it was his heritage, what every single one of these sounds meant.

The herd threaded through the dark jungle, and now they descended into a cool river. It was simply a caress, the touch of the water on his flanks. Then they reared out, like great sea gods rising from the deep, and grunted and squealed their way up the banks into the jungle again.

But the smells were the book that he read best; he understood them even better than the sounds of green things growing. Flowers that he could not see hung like bells from the arching branches. Every fern and every

seeding grass had its own scent that told sweet tales. The very mud that his four feet sank into emitted scent that told the history of jungle life from the world's beginnings. When dawn burst over the eastern hills he was weary in every muscle of his young body but much too happy to admit it.

This day was just the first of three thousand joyous days. The jungle, old as the world itself, is ever new. Not even the wisest elephant, who, after all, is king of the jungle, knows what will turn up at the next bend in the elephant trail.

The herd was never still. They ranged from one mysterious hill to another, to the ranges of the Himalayas and back again. There were no rivers that they did not swim, no jungles that they did not penetrate, no elephant trails that they did not follow, in the whole northeastern corner of British India. And all the time Muztagh's strength grew upon him until it became too vast a thing to measure or control.

Whether or not he kept with the herd was by now a matter of supreme indifference to him. He no longer needed its protection. Except for the men who came with the ropes and guns and shoutings, there was nothing in the jungle for him to fear. He was twenty years old, and he stood nearly eleven feet to the top of his shoulders. He would have broken any scales in the Indian Empire that tried to weigh him.

He had had his share of adventures, yet he knew that life in reality had just begun. The time would come when he would want to fight the great arrogant bull for the leadership of the herd. He was tired of fighting the young bulls of his own age. He always won, and to an elephant constant winning is almost as dull as constant losing. He was a great deal like a youth of twenty of any breed in any land,—light-hearted, self-confident, enjoying every minute of wakefulness between one midnight and another.

But India is too thickly populated by human beings for a wild elephant to escape observation entirely. Many natives had caught sight of him, and at last the tales reached a little circle of trackers and hunters in camp on a distant range of hills. They did not work for Dugan Sahib, for Dugan Sahib was dead long since. They were a determined little group, and one night they sat and talked softly over their fire. If Muztagh's ears had been sharp enough to hear their words across the space of hills, he wouldn't have gone to his mud baths with such complacency the next day. But the space between them was fifty miles of sweating jungle, and of course he did not hear.

"You will go, Khusru," said the leader, "for there is none here half so skillful with horsehair rope as you. If you do not come back within twelve months, we shall know you have failed." Of course, all of them knew what he meant. If a man failed to capture a wild elephant by the hair-rope method, he very rarely lived to tell of it.

"In that case," Ahmad Din went on, "there will be a great drive after the monsoon of next year. Picked men will be chosen. No detail will be overlooked. It will cost more, but it will be sure. And our purses will be fat from the selling-price of this king of elephants with a white coat!"

IV

There is no need to follow Khusru on his long pursuit through the elephant trails. He was an able hunter and after the manner of the elephant-trackers the scared little man followed Muztagh through jungle and river, over hill and into dale, for countless days, and at last, as Muztagh slept, he crept up within half a dozen feet of him. He intended to loop a horsehair rope about his great feet—one of the oldest and most hazardous methods of elephant-catching. But Muztagh wakened just in time.

And then a curious thing happened. The native could never entirely believe it, and it was one of his best stories to the day he died. Any other wild tusker would have charged in furious wrath, and there would have been a quick and certain death beneath his great knees. Muztagh started out as if he intended to charge. He lifted his trunk out of the way (the elephant trunk is for a thousand uses, but fighting is not one of them) and sprang forward. He went just two paces. Then his little eyes caught sight of the brown figure fleeing through the bamboos. And at

once the elephant set his great feet to brake himself, and drew to a sliding halt six feet beyond.

He did not know why. He was perfectly aware that this man was an enemy, jealous of his most-loved liberty. He knew that it was the man's intention to put him back into his bonds. He did not feel fear, either, because an elephant's anger is too tremendous an emotion to leave room for any other impulse such as fear. It seemed to him that memories came thronging from long ago, so real and insistent that he could not think of charging.

He remembered his days in the elephant lines. These brown creatures had been his masters then. They had cut his grass for him in the jungle and brought him bundles of sugar cane. The hill people say that the elephant memory is the greatest single marvel in the jungle, and it was that memory that saved Khusru then. It wasn't deliberate gratitude for the grass-cutting of long ago. It wasn't any particular emotion that he could reach out his trunk and touch. It was simply an impulse,—another one of the thousand mysteries that envelope, like a cloud, the mental processes of these largest of forest creatures.

These were the days when Muztagh lived apart from the herd. He did it from choice. He liked the silence, the solitary mud baths, the constant watchfulness against danger. Month after month he wended alone through the elephant trails, and now and then rooted up great trees just to try his strength. Sometimes he went silently,

and sometimes like an avalanche. He swam alone in the deep holes and sometimes shut his eyes and stood on the bottom, just keeping the end of his trunk out of the water.

He loved the rains that flashed through the jungles, the swift-climbing dawns in the east, the strange, tense, breathless nights; and at midnight he loved to trumpet to the herd on some far-away hill and hear, fainter than the death-cry of a beetle, its answer come back to him. At twenty-five he had reached full maturity, and no more magnificent specimen of the elephant could be found in all of British India. At last he had begun to learn his strength.

Of course he had known for years his mastery over the inanimate things of the world. He knew how easy it was to tear a tree from its roots, to jerk a great tree limb from its socket. He knew that under most conditions he had nothing to fear from the great tigers, although a fight with a tiger is a painful thing and one to be avoided. But he did not know that he had developed a craft and skill that would avail him in battle against the greatest of his own kind. He made the discovery one sunlit day beside the Manipur River.

He was in the mud bath, grunting and bubbling with content. It was a bath with just room enough for one; and, seeing that he was young, and perhaps failing to measure his size, obscured as it was in the

mud, a great rogue bull came out of the jungles to take the bath for himself.

He was a huge creature, wrinkled and yellow-tusked and scarred from the wounds of a thousand fights. His little red eyes looked out malignantly, and he grunted all the insults the elephant tongue can compass to the youngster that lolled in the bath. He confidently expected that Muztagh would yield at once, because as a rule young twenty-five-year-olds do not care to mix in battle with the scarred and crafty veterans of sixty years. But he did not know Muztagh.

The latter had been enjoying the bath to the limit, and he had no desire whatever to give it up. Something hot and raging seemed to explode in his brain, and it was as if a red glare, such as sometimes comes in the sunset, had fallen over all the stretch of river and jungle before his eyes. He squealed once, reared up with a lunge out of the bath, and charged. They met with a shock.

Of all the expressions of power in the animal world the elephant fight is the most terrible to see. It is as if two mountains rose up from their roots of strata and went to war. It is terrible to hear too. The jungle had been still before. The river glided softly; the wind was dead; the mid-afternoon silence was over the thickets.

The jungle people were asleep. A thunderstorm would not have broken more quickly, nor could it have created a wilder pandemonium. The jungle seemed to shiver.

The elephants squealed and bellowed and trumpeted and grunted and charged. Their tusks clicked like the noise of a giant's game of billiards. The thickets cracked and broke beneath their great feet.

It lasted only a moment. It was easy, after all. In a very few seconds indeed the old rogue became aware that he had made a dangerous and disagreeable mistake. There were better mud baths on the river, anyway. He had not been able to land a single blow, and his wrath gave way to startled amazement when Muztagh sent home his third. The rogue did not wait for the fourth.

Muztagh chased him into the thickets. But he was too proud to chase a beaten elephant for long. He halted, trumpeting, and swung back to his mud bath.

But he did not enter the mud again. All at once he remembered the herd and the fights of his calfhood. All at once he knew that his craft and strength and power were beyond that of any other elephant in all the jungle. Who was the great, arrogant herd leader to stand against him? What yellow tusks were to meet his and come away unbroken?

His little eyes grew ever more red as he stood rocking back and forth, his trunk lifted to catch the sounds and smells of the distant jungle. Why should he abide alone when he could be the ruler of the herd and the jungle king? Then he grunted softly and started away down the river. Far away, beyond the mountains and rivers and the vil-

lages of the hill folk, the herd of his youth roamed in joyous freedom. He would find them and assert his mastery.

V

The night fire of a little band of elephant-catchers burned fitfully at the edge of the jungle. They were silent men (for they had lived long on the elephant trails) and curiously scarred and somber. They smoked their cheroots and waited for Ahmad Din to speak.

"You have all heard?" he asked at last.

All but one of them nodded. Of course this did not count the most despised of all,—old Langur Dass,—who sat at the edge of the shadow. His long hair was gray, and his youth had gone where the sun goes at evening. They scarcely addressed a word to him or he to them.

"Khusru has failed to catch White-Skin, but he has lived to tell many lies about it. He comes tonight."

It was noticeable that Langur Dass, at the edge of the circle, pricked up his ears.

"Do you mean the white elephant of which the Manipur people tell so many lies?" he asked. "Do you, skilled catchers that you are, believe that such an elephant is still wild in the jungle?"

Ahmad Din scowled. "The Manipur people tell of him, but for once they tell the truth" was the reply. "He is the greatest elephant, the richest prize, in all of Burma. Too many people have seen him to doubt."

Langur Dass's face lit suddenly. "Then it could be none but Muztagh, escaped from Dugan Sahib fifteen years ago. That calf was also white, and overgrown for his years."

One of the trackers suddenly gasped. "Then that is why he spared Khusru!" he cried. "He remembered men."

The others nodded gravely. "They never forget," said Langur Dass.

"You will be silent while I speak," Ahmad Din went on. Langur grew silent as commanded, but his thoughts were flowing backward twenty years, to days at the elephant lines in distant hills. Muztagh was the one living creature that in all his days had loved Langur Dass. The man shut his eyes, and his limbs seemed to relax as if he had lost all interest in the talk. But he was only pretending. He meant to hear every word of the talk before he left the circle.

"Khusru tells a mad story, as you know, of the elephant sparing him when he was beneath his feet," Ahmad Din went on; "that part of his story does not matter to us. He might have been frightened enough to say that the sun set at noon. What matters to us more is that he knows where the herd is,—but a day's journey beyond the river; and there is no time to be lost."

His fellows nodded in agreement.

"So tomorrow we will break camp. There can be no mistake this time. There must be no points overlooked. The chase will cost much, but it will return a hundredfold."

The circle nodded again and contracted toward the speaker.

"We will hire beaters and drivers, the best that can be found. Tomorrow we will take the elephants and go."

Langur Dass pretended to waken. "I have gone hungry many days," he said. "If the drive is on, perhaps you will give your servant a place among the beaters."

The circle turned and stared at him. It was one of the stories of Langur Dass that he never partook in the elephant hunts. Evidently poor living had broken his resolutions.

"You shall have your wish if you know how to keep a closed mouth," Ahmad Din replied. "There are other hunting parties in the hills."

Langur nodded. He was very adept indeed at keeping a closed mouth. It is one of the first lessons of the jungle.

For another hour they sat and perfected their plans. Then they lay down together, and sleep dropped over them one by one. At last Langur sat by the fire alone.

"You will watch the flame tonight," Ahmad Din ordered. "We did not feed you tonight for pity on your gray hairs. And remember, a gypsy died in a tiger's claws on this very slope not six months past."

Langur Dass was left alone with his thoughts. Soon he got up and stole out into the velvet darkness. The mists were over the hills as always.

"Have I followed the tales of your greatness all these

years for this?" he muttered. "It is right for pigs with the hearts of pigs to break their backs in labor. But you, my Muztagh! Jewel among elephants! King of the jungle! Thou art of the true breed! Moreover, I am minded that thy heart and mine are one!

"Can I not understand? These are not my people,—these brown men about the fire. I have not thy strength, Muztagh, or I should be out there with thee! Yet is not the saying that brother shall serve brother?"

He turned slowly back to the circle of the firelight. Then his brown, scrawny fingers clenched.

"Am I to desert my brother in his hour of need? Am I to see these brown pigs put chains around him in the moment of his power? A king falling to the place of a slave? Muztagh, we will see what can be done! Thy Langur Dass is old, and his whole strength is not that of thy trunk, and men look at him as a worm in the grass; but perhaps thou wilt find him an ally not to be despised!"

VI

The night had just fallen moist and heavy over the jungle when Muztagh caught up with his herd. He found them in an open grassy glade encircled by hills, and they were all waiting, silent, as he sped down the hills toward them. They had heard him coming a long way off. He was not attempting silence. The jungle people had not got out of his way.

The old bull that led the herd, seventy years of age and at the pride of his wisdom and strength, scarred, yellow-tusked, and noble past any other elephant patriarch in the jungle, curled up his trunk when he saw him come. He knew very well what would happen; and because no one knows better than the jungle people what a good thing it is to take the offensive in all battles, and because it was befitting his place and dignity, he uttered the challenge himself.

The silence dropped as something from the sky. The herd stood like heroic figures in stone for a long moment, until Muztagh had replied. He was so surprised that he couldn't make any sound at all at first. He had expected to do the challenging. The fact that the leader had done it shook his self-confidence to some slight degree. Evidently the old leader still felt able to handle any young bulls that desired his place.

Then the herd began to shift. The cows drew back with their calves, the bulls surged forward, and slowly they made a hollow ring. Very grandly, with infinite dignity, Muztagh stamped into the circle. His tusks gleamed; his eyes glowed red; and those appraising old bulls in the ring knew that such an elephant had not been born since the time of their grandfathers.

They looked him over from tail to trunk. They marked the symmetrical form, the legs like mighty pillars, the sloping back, the wide-apart, intelligent eyes. His shoulders

were an expression of latent might,—power to break a tree-trunk at its base; he was agile and quick as a tiger. And knowing these things, and recognizing them, and honoring them, they threw their trunks in the air till they touched their foreheads, and blared their full-voiced salute.

They gave it at the same instant, as musicians strike the same note at their leader's signal. It was a perfect explosion of sound, a terrible blare, that crashed out through the jungles and wakened every sleeping thing. The dew fell from the trees. A great tawny tiger, lingering in hope of an elephant calf, slipped silently away. The sound rang true and loud to the surrounding hills and echoed and re-echoed, softer and softer, until it was just a tiny tremor in the air.

Not only the jungle folk marveled at the sound. At an encampment three miles distant Ahmad Din and his men heard the wild call and looked with wondering eyes upon each other. Then out of the silence spoke Langur Dass.

"My lord Muztagh has come back to his herd; that is his salute," he said.

Ahmad Din looked darkly about the circle. "And how long shall he stay?" he asked.

The trap was almost ready. The hour to strike had almost come.

Meanwhile the grand old leader stamped into the circle, seeming unconscious of the eyes upon him, battle-scarred

and old. Even if this fight were his last, he meant to preserve his dignity.

At first the watchers were silent. Then, as the battle grew ever fiercer and more terrible, they began to grunt and squeal, surging back and forth, stamping the earth and crushing the underbrush. All the jungle folk for miles about knew what was occurring, and Ahmad Din wished his keddah were completed, for never could there be a better opportunity to surround the herd than at the present moment, when they had forgotten all things except the battling monsters in the center of the ring.

The two bulls were quite evenly matched. The patriarch knew more of fighting, had learned more wiles, but he had neither the strength nor the agility of Muztagh. The twilight deepened into the intense dark, and the stars of midnight rose above the eastern hills.

All at once Muztagh went to his knees. But, as might a tiger, he sprang aside in time to avoid a terrible tusk blow to his shoulder. And his counter blow, a lashing cut with the head, shattered the great leader to the earth. The elephants bounded forward, but the old leader had a trick left in his trunk. As Muztagh bore down upon him he reared up beneath and almost turned the tables. Only the youngster's superior strength saved him from immediate defeat.

But as the night drew to morning the bulls began to see that the tide of the battle had turned. Youth was

conquering, too mighty and agile to resist. The rushes of the patriarch were ever weaker. He still could inflict punishment, and the hides of both of them were terrible to see, but he was no longer able to take advantage of his openings. Then Muztagh did a thing that reassured the old bulls as to his craft and wisdom. Just as a pugilist will invite a blow to draw his opponent within range, Muztagh pretended to leave his great shoulder exposed. The old bull failed to see the plot. He bore down, and Muztagh was ready with flashing tusk.

What happened thereafter occurred too quickly for the eyes of the elephants to follow. They saw the great bull go down and Muztagh stand lunging above him, and the battle was over.

The great leader, seriously hurt, backed away into the shadowed jungle. His trunk was lowered in token of defeat. Then the ring was empty except for a great red-eyed elephant, whose hide was no longer white, standing blaring his triumph to the stars.

Three times the elephant salute crashed out into the jungle silence,—the full-voiced salaam to a new king. Muztagh had come into his birthright.

VII

The keddah was built at last. It was a strong blockade, opening with great wings spreading out one hundred yards, and equipped with a gate that lowered like a portcullis at

the funnel end of the wings. The herd had been surrounded by the drivers and beaters, and slowly they had been driven, for long days, toward the keddah mouth. Guns were loaded with blank cartridges, and firebrands were ready to light. At a given signal the beaters would close down quickly about the herd and stampede it into the yawning mouth of the stockade.

No detail had been overlooked. No expense had been spared. The profit was assured in advance, not only from the matchless Muztagh but from the herd as well. The king of the jungle, free now as the winds or the waters, was about to go back to his chains. These had been such days! He had led the herd through the hills and had known the rapture of living as never before.

His word was law in the herd, and slowly he began to overcome the distrust that the great bulls had of him,—distrust of his youth and inexperience. If he had had three months more of leadership, their trust would have been absolute. But in the meantime the slow herding toward the keddah had begun.

"We shall need brave men to stand at the end of the wings of the keddah," said Ahmad Din. He spoke no less than truth. The man who stands at the end of the wings, or wide stretching gate, of the keddah is of course in the greatest danger of being charged and killed. The herd, mad with fright, are only slightly less afraid of the spreading wings of the stockade than of the yelling, whooping

beaters behind. Often they will try to break through the circle rather than enter the wings.

"For two rupees additional I will hold one of the wings," replied old Langur Dass. Ahmad Din glanced at him,—at his hard, bright eyes and determined face. Then he peered hard and tried in vain to read the thoughts behind the eyes. "Thou art a madman, Langur Dass," he said wonderingly. "But thou shalt lie behind the right-wing men to pass them torches. I have spoken."

"And the two extra rupees?" Langur asked.

"Maybe." One does not throw away rupees in Upper Burma.

Within the hour the signal was given, and the final laps of the drive began.

The hills grew full of sound. The beaters sprang up with firebrand and rifle and closed swiftly about the herd. The animals moved slowly at first. The time was not quite ripe to throw them into a panic. Then they began a wild descent squarely toward the mouth of the keddah. But presently the beaters closed in on them.

"*Hai!*" the wild men cried. "Oh, you forest pigs! On, on! Stand close! Watch, Puran! Guard your post, Khusru! Now on, on—do not let them halt!"

Firebrands waved, rifles cracked, the wild shouts of beaters increased in volume. The men closed in, driving the beasts before them.

But there was one man who did not raise his voice.

Through all the turmoil and pandemonium he crouched at the end of the stockade wing, tense and silent and alone. To one that could have looked into his eyes it would have seemed that his thoughts were far and far away. It was old Langur Dass, named for a monkey and despised of men.

He was waiting for the instant when the herd should come thundering down the hill, to pass lighted firebrands to the men who held that corner. He was not certain that he could do the thing he had set out to do. Perhaps the herd would sweep past him through the gates. If he did win, he would have to face alone the screaming, infuriated hillmen, whose knives were always ready to draw. But knives did not matter now. Langur Dass had only his own faith and creed, and no fear could make him betray them.

Muztagh had lost control of his herd. At their head ran the old leader that he had worsted. In their hour of fear they had turned back to him. What did this youngster know of elephant drives? Ever the waving firebrands drew nearer, the beaters lessened their circle, the avenues of escape became more narrow. The yawning arms of the stockade stretched just beyond.

"Shall I win, jungle gods?" a little gray man at the keddah wing was whispering to the forests. "Shall I save you, great one that I knew in babyhood? Will you go down into chains before the night is done? I hear the thunder of your feet! The moment is almost here. And now—your last chance, Muztagh!"

"Close down, close down!" Ahmad Din was shouting to his beaters. "The thing is done in another moment. Raise your voice! Now! *Aihai!*"

The herd was at the very wings of the stockade. They had halted an instant, milling, and the beaters increased their shouts. Only one of all the herd seemed to know the danger,—Muztagh himself,—and he had dropped from the front rank to the very rear. He stood with uplifted trunk, facing the approaching rows of beaters, and there seemed to be no break in the whole line.

The herd started to move on into the wings of captivity, and they did not heed his warning squeals to turn. The circle of fire drew nearer. Then his trunk seemed to droop, and he turned, too. He could not break the line. He turned, too, toward the mouth of the keddah.

But even as he turned a brown figure darted toward him from the end of the wing. A voice known long ago was calling to him,—a voice that penetrated high and clear above the babble of the beaters. "Muztagh!" it was crying. "Muztagh!"

But it was not the words that turned Muztagh. An elephant cannot understand words, except a few elemental sounds such as a horse or a dog can learn. Rather it was the smell of the man, remembered from long ago, and the sound of his voice never quite forgotten, for an elephant never forgets.

"More firebrands!" yelled the men who held that corner



of the wing. "Firebrands! Where is Langur Dass?" But instead of firebrands that would have frightened beast and aided men, Langur Dass stepped out from behind a tree and beat at the heads of the right-wing guards with a bamboo cane that whistled and whacked and scattered them into panic, yelling all the while, "Muztagh! O my Muztagh! Here is an opening! Mutzagh, come!"

And Muztagh did come, trumpeting, crashing like an avalanche, with Langur Dass hard after him, afraid, now that he had done the trick. And hot on the trail of Langur Dass ran Ahmad Din, with his knife drawn, not meaning to let that prize be lost to him at less than the cost of the trickster's life.

But it was not written that the knife should ever enter the flesh of Langur Dass.

The elephant never forgets, and Muztagh was monarch of his breed. He turned back two paces and struck with his trunk. Ahmad Din was knocked aside as the wind whips a straw.

For an instant elephant and man stood front to front. To the left of them the gates of the stockade dropped shut behind the herd. The elephant stood with trunk slightly lifted, for the moment motionless. The long-haired man who had saved him stood lifting upstretched arms.

It was such a scene as one might remember in an old legend, wherein beasts and men were brothers, or such as might steal, like something remembered from another age,

into a man's dreams. Nowhere but in India, where men have a little knowledge of the mystery of the elephant, could it have taken place at all.

For Langur Dass was speaking to my lord the elephant: "Take me with thee, Muztagh! Monarch of the hills! Thou and I are not of the world of men, but of the jungle and the rain, the silence, and the cold touch of rivers. We are brothers, Muztagh. O beloved, wilt thou leave me here to die?"

The elephant slowly turned his head and looked scornfully at the group of beaters bearing down on Langur Dass, murder shining no less from their knives than from their eyes.

"Take me," the old man pleaded; "thy herd is gone."

The elephant seemed to know what he was asking. He had lifted him to his great shoulders many times in the last days of his captivity. And besides, his old love for Langur Dass had never been forgotten. It all returned, full and strong as ever.

It was not one of the man herd that stood pleading before him. It was one of his own jungle people, just as, deep in his heart, he had always known. So, with one motion light as air, he swung him gently to his shoulder.

The jungle, vast and mysterious and still, closed its gates behind them.

EDISON MARSHALL (Abridged)

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG

He that is down needs fear no fall,

He that is low, no pride;

He that is humble ever shall

Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,

Little be it or much;

And, Lord, contentment still I crave,

Because thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is

That go on pilgrimage;

Here little, and hereafter bliss,

Is best from age to age.

JOHN BUNYAN



A WORLD AFIRE

For twenty days several forest fires had been burning in the timber reserves of the Northwest,—in Idaho and Montana. In the cañons and valleys where these isolated fires raged a resinous, sooty smoke had hung for days, sometimes smothering the sun, turning midday into night. In the village, lamps were lighted at three o'clock in the afternoon. Conductors on trains carried lanterns all day to read the tickets of their passengers.

Nature appeared to be stifled under this curtain of smoke, with no energy left to lift it or clear it away. People panted for a breath of untainted air. Their lungs were burning, their eyes inflamed. Life in the mountains had become almost intolerable.

So fell the evening of August 20, 1910. Men knew only by their timepieces that night was drawing near; the visible margin between night and day was lost in the blackness which hung over the wooded mountain land. Yet these fires were not large nor destructive, and they were guarded by careful forest rangers and their hardy crews, who had hemmed them by trenches and confined them by circumvallate trails, over which forest fires had seldom been known to pass. That all was safe was the general belief. Upon that evening men were chafing only for a breath of wind to clear the smoke out of the skies, a shower of rain to put an end to the smoldering fires.

Yet at that very hour nature was vibrant with a message which fell unread. The air was oppressingly quiet, suffocatingly dead. The stillness of desolation rested above camps and towns, even where men by hundreds lived. There was no carrying power in the air; sounds were muffled as by a vacuum. Birds staggered through the smoky chaos on bewildered wings, panting, lost. Horses strained at their halters, looking upon their masters with strange eyes, uncomforted by caresses, unassured by words. When a beast, by a terrified lunge, broke its restraining tether, it dashed away into the wilderness. Even dooryard fowls here and there deserted their coops, seeking a refuge at the margin of some stream. Dwellers in the woods and travelers on the dim trails saw forest creatures flying in one general direction, as if pursued by a foe that struck a deeper terror than man. The fear of man, indeed, seemed lost in them. Scarcely would bear, deer, mountain lions lift their heads at sight of a man or move out of his path to let him pass.

A great tragedy was imminent in nature. The air was charged with a warning which men, their instincts paralyzed by ages of disuse, could not read nor understand.

There came at length a timid wind, sighing through the tree-walled cañons. It struck hot upon the forehead, it burned dry upon the lips, ruffling the smoke mantle for a moment, soon to die away. The dwellers in the great Cœur d'Alene forest reserve, in the neck of Idaho, felt it

first, as it came threading ahead of the mighty tempest out of the northwest. Again it stirred, like the cautious step of a thief, and again, hotter, closer. It freshened steadily, rolling away the smoke, showing the sun red as iron under the smith's hammer, far down near the edge of the world.

That was all the warning the tempest of fire gave. It was as if it had indulged the oft-voiced desire of dying men to look once more upon the sun. Out of the northwest, over the mountain it came. Bearing flaming brands, which it flung on all sides, it came. Howling, roaring, the fires, but a few minutes before miles away, were upon the hamlets and camps, upon the lone cabins of settlers, leaping up the green mountain sides, streaming across cañons their long banners of obliterating flames.

The hurricane had seized upon the small fires, fanning them furiously, scattering them abroad through miles of forest, each falling spark to kindle a raging fire-storm of its own. Since early in May no rain had fallen in the Bitter Root Mountains. The Cœur d'Alene timber reserve, in the panhandle of Idaho; the Cabinet, Clearwater, and Lolo reserves in western Montana, were like so many open magazines of powder. Resinous pines, steeped in the drippings of pitch and turpentine from the overhead branches, lay many inches deep around the boles of the trees and beneath cluttering trunks and fallen brushwood,—the accumulation of years. Man never laid the foundation for

a fire more completely or carefully than nature had done that August in the great national forests of the Northwest.

All was ready for the hurricane, all so nicely pitched, oiled, dried, that in six hours' time this tidal wave of fire spread over two thousand square miles of splendid forest. When it finally burned out, it left (in charred, prone, and riven trunks of pine, fir, and cedar) billions of feet of timber, worth, at the lowest estimate, a hundred million dollars—wasted, cruelly wasted. And strewn in shriveling heaps here and there along the black trail of this flood of fire huddled the remains of scores of brave men who had gone out to match their courage against its might.

There never was a forest fire like this since men have been keeping a chronicle of events. District Forester W. B. Greeley, in command of the first district (in which the burned region lies), says such a fire has not swept the forests of the Northwest in perhaps a thousand years. The history of forestry, he declares, contains no parallel. Its destructive force and the speed with which it traveled were marvelous. The ordinary forest fire travels slowly, at the most but a few miles a day. This one, according to an official of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and Puget Sound Railway, who timed its advance over a known area, was traveling seventy miles an hour,—a speed beyond anything known in wild fires, even upon the prairies. Imagine a prairie with grasses from 150 to 200 feet tall, and flames proportionately high beating over it at seventy miles an

hour, and you will be able to conceive in some measure the magnitude of the August fire in the timber reserves of the Northwest.

It swept uphill and downhill with unabated speed, although a fire in a mountain country usually rushes up hillsides much faster than it burns down. When the vanguard of the fire reached a cañon, it merely leaped across, no matter how wide the chasm. In one known instance it leaped a mile. At Wallace, Idaho, where the timber on the mountain sides was small, flaming limbs and masses of burning moss were carried from one mountain to another, above the town, and a distance of more than half a mile. The flames caught the resinous foliage and long streamers of pendent moss with the hissing roar of great skyrocket. In a breath the proudest, oldest knights in this ancient guard of the mountains were stripped of verdure, their blackened trunks hurled contemptuously to the ground by the tempest which drove the wild ocean of fire before it.

Living man has not witnessed a more appalling sight. Days afterward men who went through it were dumb in their struggle for words to measure its horrors. "The world was afire," they said; "the earth, the air, everything." Lightning flashed out of the great clouds of smoke; incandescent flames, burning like carbon gas, sprang up, whistling their sharp notes above the roar of tempest and fire and the crash of falling trees,—sprang up with nothing

to feed on but air. In the superheated atmosphere it appeared that all nature had become outlawed.

No, there never was a forest fire like this. Even Pelée, with its mud deluge, its gas, was not more terrible. Had there been as many people in its reach as in the zone of Pelée, the forest fire's toll might have been as great. It trailed its smoke for more than 1200 miles. It shut out the sun completely at Billings, Montana, 500 miles distant, for days together; it obscured the sky at Denver, Colorado, more than 800 miles away; its taint was seen upon the sky at Kansas City and noted by the weather observer there.

In six hours the damage was done, though for five days the slow, fierce after-fires burned among the fallen trunks, spreading to sheltered cañons and districts which had escaped the first charge. Six hours destroyed what the ages had wrought, for foresters say that many of the trees lost in the fire were more than a thousand years old. Some of the largest cedars ever found have grown in the Cœur d'Alene reserve, thousands of them from four to twelve feet in diameter. It is believed that they sprang from the soil in the same period which saw the birth of the giant sequoias of California, and it is known that many of California's big redwoods are not merely a thousand but twenty-five hundred years old. Many a patriarch older, perhaps, than the cedars upon the slopes of Lebanon, lies prone upon the ground, its grandeur and its grace forever gone.

There was no lack of men, and brave men, to fight the fire. The foresters had been watching night and day; they had hired men by hundreds from Butte, Missoula, Helena, Spokane, and distributed them in gangs of from twenty to one hundred through the four reserves in Montana and Idaho,—an army of twenty-five hundred men. Each gang was under the direction of an experienced man, ranger or forest guard, who knew the country foot by foot. Camps had been established near the various fires, which were looked upon by the rangers as so many dangerous beasts, well leashed but safer for being well guarded also.

Some of the fire-fighters were still at work, some in camp, some on the way to camp, when the tornado struck, fanning the hitherto confined fires into ungovernable fury. Instantly the rangers and all old hands saw in this great fire, reaching out with speed incredible, something against which man could not stand and fight, from which he could not fly and live. Quick action, cunning, knowledge of the forest, might be combined to save the lives of those incapable of acting for themselves. There was not a man of the guards, rangers, or foremen who could not have saved himself without much difficulty, knowing so well what to do; but there was not one of them who did not think of his men first. Many of them, in saving others, suffered injuries from which they will never recover.

"Drop everything but your water bottles, men, stay together, and follow me," was the invariable order issued

by the foresters in charge of the gangs. In many cases the men, unaware of their danger, took the order as an indication of cowardice on the part of their leader. Some of them jeered, refusing to obey. Others insisted on going to camp for supper. Days afterward some of their bones were collected among the ruins of the forest. Out of Ranger Debitt's force of eight hundred men fifty-nine were lost, disregard of orders being accountable in almost every case. But where the men stuck to the rangers and foremen they were saved.

Riley Bonsteel, a barber from Missoula, was in a gang of forty, part of a detail of ninety men under the direction of Ranger W. H. Rock, of Avery. Bonsteel is a man of more than ordinary intelligence. He went out to be a fire-fighter for the fun of it, like many another poor fellow who did not come through it so fortunately as he. He was one of the few, out of dozens with whom the writer talked, who could describe the scene. Most of them shivered when asked about it. "Well, it was just awful," was as far as words could carry them. They would look down at swathed hands, bound in slings upon their chest, turn, walk away. It was not like being in a burning house; it was a burning world.

Bonsteel and his comrades were working in apparent security when they heard the fire approaching. The ranger ordered all hands to follow him, heading for an old burn of about five acres in extent, which was near at hand.

Racing for it, they reached the clearing just ahead of the fire. Trees were falling in every direction, the fire was screaming, the wind roaring. Coals of fire as big as a man's fist pelted them as thick as hail. It was night, about half-past seven o'clock, and the world was red, a pit of hideous red. Between each two men there were two gallons of water, carried in flexible bottles. This water had been apportioned to them for the night, shortly before the wild fire came.

Overhead, across the old burn strewn with logs and forest débris, streamed an unbroken river of fire. From man to man the ranger went, telling them what to do. He had to shout in their ears, the roar of destruction was so great. If they hoped to live they must lie on the lee side of the fallen logs, faces to the ground. Already the air was so hot that it cut the lungs like the fumes of acid; the smoke and gases were stifling. Men stood in the fantastic light, their impotent arms lifted toward the sheet of hemming flame, shrieking prayers to the Almighty. The ranger was compelled at last to threaten some of them with his revolver before he could induce them to lie down in that fiery bed, two men in a place, so that each could watch the other's clothing. Then he stood over them, like a shepherd over a flock of frightened sheep, holding them in for the supreme trial which was to come.

As far as it went the water was used to wet the coats and blankets some of them had brought away in the rush, and

to saturate handkerchiefs, which were bound over mouths and nostrils at the ranger's direction. Each man had been told to breathe as near the ground as he could grovel. The logs all around them caught fire; the heavens rained fire. It seemed a marvel that a man could live a moment there. Once they saw one of their tortured number spring to his feet and dash away into the wall of fire. He fell, the flames closing in around him. He alone of the forty men was lost.

After two hours of this broiling heat little puffs of cool wind began to break through their oven walls. An hour more and it had cooled sufficiently for men to leave their shelters. Two volunteered to go to the creek, a mile away, for water. They went, through stifling smoke, over beds of coals, under the swinging menace of burning branches and tottering trunks, returning in safety. They found that the water of the icy stream had been heated by falling trunks of trees, which pent it up in a dam of fire. Fish in the stream had been boiled. Yet men, under the guidance of an experienced forester, lived to join again, as from the dead, the world of the living.

Many fire-fighters, miners, and settlers are alive today through the prompt action of Ranger R. M. Debit, in charge of the forestry station at Avery, Idaho. Debit sent messengers into the threatened territory before the fire broke, ordering everybody out. Those in his district who heeded the warning were saved, reaching the railroad in

time to be taken on board the relief trains. One gang of fire-fighters ignored Debitt's order, and most of the men were lost.

On the day when the fire became unmanageable there were no fewer than a thousand people along the line of railroad in the forty-eight miles between Avery, Idaho, and Haugan, Montana. These were mainly railway employees, their wives and children, and refugees from the interior, although there were many tradespeople in the villages. Four work trains were busy on that stretch of track under the direction of C. H. Marshall and W. R. Lanning, superintendent and chief carpenter, respectively, of the Missoula division. A telephone message to Superintendent Marshall from the girl operator at Kyle, a small station, gave the first alarm of the approaching fire. While they were talking the wires went down.

Marshall and Lanning at once ordered two of the trains to proceed along the line and pick up the refugees. "Don't pass a living soul, no matter who it is. Put them all aboard whether they want to go or not," was the order given to the trainmen and the few American laborers who, the railroad officials knew from past experience, were the only men in the jumble of nationalities upon whom they could depend.

Before the trains had gone far the fire was in sight. From mountain to mountain the flames leaped, sowing brands upon the slopes to kindle slower, even more deadly

fires. With the fire came the gale. Stones of a pound weight, gravel, dust, débris of the forest, were hurled before it, and soon clouds of smoke, fire-tainted, scorching, thicker than ever, completely obscured the sun.

More than four hundred people were herded into the cars east of the St. Paul Pass tunnel by Mr. Lanning and carried into the great tube, which is about two miles long. There they remained in safety, though they suffered somewhat from smoke. Under the direction of Superintendent Marshall several hundred were taken out by way of the east, to Haugan. In another and shorter tunnel two hundred people found refuge. Engineer Roberts ran his train over a blazing bridge seven hundred feet long and a hundred feet high, to put them there. When they reached the tunnel the oil in the tank was hot enough for frying.

But that did not take care of all the people. Scattered along the line between the great tunnel and Kyle, Idaho, were many whom it seemed impossible to save. The fire was pouring across the track; many bridges were going. "We'll make a try for it just the same," said Lanning. An engineer and a fireman volunteered for the perilous venture, likewise a conductor on one of the work trains. With an engine and three cars they set out. It was apparent to all as they proceeded that they would never be able to return to the big tunnel. When the train reached the refugees huddled along the track, many of them had to be lifted bodily and put aboard.

Forty-seven people were picked up by Lanning's forlorn hope, and a run was made for a short tunnel, the only available refuge. As the train rushed forward the smoke was so thick that the engineer could not see the steam dome of his boiler. He did not know when the engine might strike a burned bridge or a fallen tree, but there was nothing to do but go on. He opened the throttle and let her go, pounding into the mystery of smoke.

They made the tunnel, pulled into the middle of it, and stopped. Even there the fire reached in after them, and almost got them, too. A rivulet ran through the tunnel, and by keeping their clothes wet they managed to endure. The heat was so great along that stretch of railway, which was heavily bordered with timber, that pick handles were utterly consumed where the tools lay upon the ground, one in a place, as the workmen had dropped them, apart from any other inflammable material. Water in barrels at the ends of bridges boiled away, the staves burning down to the level of the water as it sank. Fish in the streams were cooked; for days they floated by thousands. Ties were burned out of the railroad tracks; the rails were buckled and kinked like wire. Everything was swept clean to the tunnels' mouths.

After forty-eight hours in his hot dungeon, Chief Carpenter Lanning walked out, to find nineteen of his bridges burned in forty-eight miles of track. He went to work to replace them. With five hundred men working night

and day, he labored. In eleven and one-half days he rebuilt sixteen bridges, ranging from 360 to 775 feet in length and from 15 to 120 feet high, every one of them standard, permanent bridges. It was one of the most stupendous achievements in the history of railroading.

Besides that, Lanning alone had to his credit five hundred human lives. He hadn't much to say about it,—only this, "An American owes that to his country and his kind."

Superintendent Marshall also deserved great credit. But for the unselfish risk of life by these two truly brave men the death roll of the Bitter Root Divide would have been appalling. Only those who could have struggled on foot into the tunnels could have survived. Few would have made it in that suffocating smoke and blinding heat.

Where the green forest had stood there spread a scene of desolation. Blackened trunks, piled in the sport of that destructive fire-storm like straws, lay thick upon the steep mountain sides, or stood, stripped of limbs and bark, gaunt skeletons in a picture of death. Mile upon mile the tumbled hills rolled away, without a sprig of green to ease the melancholy wreckage.

G. W. OGDEN (Abridged)

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

STAVE ONE. MARLEY'S GHOST

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner.

Old Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole friend and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so cut up by the sad event but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral.

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate.

Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint. The cold within him froze his old pointed nose, made his eyes red, his thin lips blue.

Nobody ever stopped Scrooge in the street to say, "My dear boy, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children

asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him, and, when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts, and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, master!"

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather, and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just struck three, but it was quite dark already, and candles were flaring in the windows, while the fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole.

The door of Scrooge's countinghouse was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room.

"A Merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who

had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked. Again he cried, "A Merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Bah!" said Scrooge. "Humbug!"

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure."

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew, gayly. "What right have you to be crabbed? You're rich enough."

Scrooge, having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said "Bah!" again and followed it up with "Humbug!"

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon Merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older but not an hour richer? If I could work my will," said Scrooge, indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good by which I have not profited," returned the nephew, "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas-time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of when men and women seem to open their shut-up hearts freely. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!" At which the clerk in the tank applauded.

"Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come, dine with us tomorrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him—yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?" said Scrooge.

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only thing in the world more ridiculous than a Merry Christmas. "Good afternoon!"

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I am sorry, with all my heart. We have never had any quarrel to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So a Merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"And a Happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge, for he returned them cordially.

"There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge, who overheard him; "my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a Merry Christmas."

Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened. The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slyly down at Scrooge, became invisible and struck the hours in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head. The cold became intense.

At length the hour of shutting up arrived. With an ill will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and the clerk in the tank instantly snuffed his candle out and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

"If convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient," said Scrooge, "and it's not fair. If I was to stop half a crown for it, you'd think yourself ill used, I'll be bound?"

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet," said Scrooge, "you don't think *me* ill used when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!" said Scrooge, buttoning his greatcoat to the chin. "But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning."

The clerk promised that he would, and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honor of its being Christmas Eve.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern and, having read all the newspapers, went home to bed. He lived in a house which had once belonged to his deceased partner. It was a dreary building, for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being

all let out as offices. The yard was so dark that even Scrooge, who knew its every stone, was fain to grope with his hands.

Now, it is a fact that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London. Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not given one thought to Marley, his dead partner, for years. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Marley's face. It was not in deep shadow, but had a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot air, and the eyes were wide open. That and its livid color made it horrible.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at it, it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled would be untrue. But he put his hand upon the key, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle.

He *did* pause a moment before he shut the door; and he *did* look cautiously behind it first, as if he half expected to see Marley's pigtail sticking out into the hall. But there

was nothing on the back of the door except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on, so he said, "Pooh, pooh!" and closed it with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine merchant's cellars below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door and walked across the hall, and up the stairs,—slowly, too,—trimming his candle as he went.

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for the darkness. Darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door he walked through his rooms to see that all was right.

Sitting-room, bed-room, lumber-room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; spoon and basin ready; and the little saucepan of gruel on the hob. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing-gown, which was hanging up against the wall. Lumber-room as usual. Old fireguard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a poker.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door and locked himself in,—double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. He took off his cravat, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his nightcap, and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

It was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a bitter night. He was obliged to sit close to it and brood over it. The fireplace was an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago and paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles designed to illustrate the Scriptures. There were Cains and Abels, Queens of Sheba, angels descending through the air on clouds like feather beds, Apostles putting off to sea in butter-boats,—hundreds of figures to attract his thoughts; and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came and swallowed up the whole.

“Humbug!” said Scrooge, and walked across the room.

After several turns he sat down again. As he threw his head back in the chair his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room. It was with a strange dread that, as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This might have lasted half a minute or a minute, but it seemed an hour. The bells ceased as they had begun, together. They were followed by a clanking noise deep down below, as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine merchant’s cellar. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

The cellar door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise, much louder, on the floors



below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight toward his door.

"It's humbug still!" said Scrooge. "I won't believe it!"

His color changed, though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up as though it cried, "I know him! Marley's Ghost!" and fell again.

The same face, the very same. Marley, in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long and wound about him like a tail, and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent, so that Scrooge, looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

Though he looked the ghost through and through and saw it standing before him, though he felt the chill of its death-cold eyes and marked the folded kerchief bound about its head and chin, he could not believe his senses.

"How now!" said Scrooge. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!"—Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I was."

"Who *were* you, then?" said Scrooge, raising his voice.

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you—can you sit down?" asked Scrooge, looking doubtfully at him.

"I can."

"Do it, then."

The Ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me," observed the Ghost.

"I don't," said Scrooge.

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You see this tooth-pick?" said Scrooge, wishing, though it were only for a second, to divert the vision's stony gaze from himself.

"I do," replied the Ghost.

"You are not looking at it," said Scrooge.

"But I see it," said the Ghost.

"Well!" returned Scrooge, "I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days followed by a legion of goblins and ghosts all my own creation. Humbug, I tell you—humbug!"

At this the spirit raised a frightful cry and shook his chain with such a dismal noise that Scrooge held on tight to his chair to save himself from falling in a swoon. But how much greater was his horror when, the Ghost taking off the bandage round his head, the lower jaw dropped down upon his breast! Scrooge fell upon his knees and clasped his hands before his face.

"Mercy!" he said. "Mercy! Why do you trouble me?"

"Man of the worldly mind!" replied the Ghost, "do you believe in me or not?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man," the Ghost returned, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men and travel far and wide."

Again the Specter raised a cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands.

"You are chained," said Scrooge, trembling. "Tell me why?"

"I wear the chain I forged in life," replied the Ghost. "I made it, link by link and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to *you*?"

Scrooge trembled more and more.

"Or would you know," pursued the Ghost, "the weight and length of the chain you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and as long as this seven Christmas Eves ago. You have labored on it since. It is a heavy chain!"

Scrooge glanced about him on the floor, but he could see nothing.

"Jacob!" he said imploringly. "Old Jacob Marley, tell me more! Speak comfort to me, Jacob!"

"I have none to give," the Ghost replied. "It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge. Nor can I tell you

what I would. A very little more is all permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our countinghouse, and weary journeys lie before me!"

"You must have been very slow about it, Jacob."

"Slow!" the Ghost repeated.

"Seven years dead," mused Scrooge. "And traveling all the time?"

"The whole time," said the Ghost. "No rest, no peace."

It held up its chain at arm's length, as if that were the cause of all its grief, and flung it heavily upon the ground.

"At this time of the rolling year," the Specter said, "I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode? Were there no poor homes to which its light would have led *me*?"

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the Specter going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"Hear me!" cried the Ghost. "My time is nearly gone."

"I will," said Scrooge. "But don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob!"

"How it is that I appear before you in a shape that you can see, I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day."

It was not an agreeable idea. Scrooge shivered and wiped his brow.

"I am here tonight to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate."

"You were always a good friend to me," said Scrooge. "Thank'ee!"

"You will be haunted," resumed the Ghost, "by Three Spirits."

Scrooge's jaw dropped almost as low as the Ghost's had done.

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?" he demanded in a faltering voice.

"It is."

"I—I think I'd rather not," said Scrooge.

"Without their visits," said the Ghost, "you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first tomorrow, when the bell tolls one."

"Couldn't I take 'em all at once and have it over, Jacob?" hinted Scrooge.

"Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third, upon the next night when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!"

When it had said these words the Specter took its wrapper from the table and bound it round its head as before. Scrooge ventured to raise his eyes again, and found his visitor standing with its chain wound over and about its arm.

The Ghost walked backward from him, and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that when the Specter reached it, it was wide open. It beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he did. When they were within two paces of each other, Marley's Ghost held up its hand, warning him to come no nearer. Scrooge stopped.

He became sensible of confused noises in the air,—sounds of lamentation and regret. The Specter, after listening for a moment, joined in the sorrowful wailings and floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

Scrooge followed to the window and looked out.

The air was filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restless haste and moaning as they went. Every one of them wore chains like Marley's Ghost; none were free. Many had been known to Scrooge in their lives. He had been quite familiar with one old ghost with a monstrous iron safe attached to its ankle, who cried piteously as being unable to assist a wretched woman with an infant, whom it saw below upon a doorstep.

Whether these creatures faded into mist or mist enshrouded them, he could not tell. But they and their spirit voices faded together, and the night became as it had been when he walked home.

Scrooge closed the window and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. He tried to say "Humbug!" but stopped

at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or his glimpse of the invisible world, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose, he went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep on the instant.

STAVE TWO. THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS

When Scrooge awoke, it was dark. He was endeavoring to pierce the blackness with his ferret eyes when the chimes of a neighboring church began to strike the hour.

To his great astonishment the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from seven to eight, and regularly up to twelve; then stopped. Twelve! It was past two when he went to bed. The clock was wrong. An icicle must have got into the works. Twelve!

"Why, it isn't possible," said Scrooge, "that I can have slept through a whole day and far into another night."

The more he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the more he endeavored not to think, the more he thought. Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly.

Scrooge lay in this state until he remembered, on a sudden, that the Ghost had warned him of a visitation when the bell tolled one. He resolved to lie awake until the hour was passed.

The first quarter was so long that he was more than once convinced he must have sunk into a doze and missed the clock. At length it broke upon his listening ear.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter past," said Scrooge, counting.

"Ding, dong!"

"Half past," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter to it," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"The hour itself," said Scrooge, triumphantly, "and nothing else!"

He spoke before the hour bell sounded, which it now did with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn.

The curtains of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you, by a hand. Not the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains at his back, but those close to his face. The curtains of his bed were drawn aside, and Scrooge, starting up, found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them,—as close to it as I am now to you, and I am standing in the spirit at your elbow.

It was a strange figure, like a child, yet not so like a child as like an old man. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. The arms were very long and muscular; the hands the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. Its legs and feet, most delicately

formed, were bare. It wore a tunic of the purest white, and round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which was beautiful. It held a branch of fresh, green holly in its hand, although its dress was trimmed with summer flowers. The strangest thing about it was that from the crown of its head there sprang a bright, clear jet of light by which all this was visible.

Even this, though, when Scrooge looked at it with increasing steadiness, was *not* its strangest quality. For as its belt sparkled and glittered, now in one part and now in another, and what was light one instant at another time was dark, so the figure itself fluctuated in its distinctness; being now a thing with one arm, now with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a pair of legs without a head, now a head without a body.

"Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?" asked Scrooge.

"I am!"

The voice was soft and low, as if, instead of being so close beside him, it were at a distance.

"Who and what are you?" Scrooge demanded.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long past?" inquired Scrooge.

"No. Your past."

Scrooge made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

"Your welfare!" said the Ghost.

Scrooge expressed himself as much obliged, but could not help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been more to the point. The Spirit must have heard him thinking, for it said immediately: "Your reclamation then. Take heed!"

It put out its strong hand as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the arm.

"Rise! and walk with me!"

It would have been in vain for Scrooge to plead that the weather and the hour were not adapted to walking; that bed was warm and the thermometer a long way below freezing; that he was clad but lightly in his slippers, dressing gown, and nightcap; and that he had a cold upon him at that time. The grasp, though gentle as a woman's hand, was not to be resisted. He rose, but finding that the Spirit made toward the window, clasped its robe in supplication.

"I am a mortal," Scrooge remonstrated, "and liable to fall."

"Bear but a touch of my hand *there*," said the Spirit, laying it upon his heart, "and you shall be upheld in more than this!"

As the words were spoken they passed through the wall and stood upon an open country road with fields on either hand. Not a vestige of the city was to be seen. The darkness and the mist had vanished with it, for it was a clear, cold winter day, with snow upon the ground.

"Good Heaven!" said Scrooge, clasping his hands together as he looked about him. "I was bred in this place. I was a boy here!"

The Spirit gazed upon him mildly. Its gentle touch appeared still present to the old man's sense of feeling. He was conscious of a thousand odors floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares long, long forgotten!

"Your lip is trembling," said the Ghost. "And what is that upon your cheek?"

Scrooge muttered, with an unusual catching in his voice, that it was a pimple, and begged the Ghost to lead him where he would.

"You recollect the way?" inquired the Spirit.

"Remember it!" cried Scrooge, with fervor; "I could walk it blindfold."

"Strange to have forgotten it for so many years!" observed the Ghost. "Let us go on."

They walked along the road, Scrooge recognizing every gate and post and tree, until a little market town appeared in the distance, with its bridge, its church, and winding river. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting toward them, with boys upon their backs, who called to other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. All these boys were in great spirits, and shouted to each other until the broad fields were so full of merry music that the crisp air laughed to hear it.

"These are but shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost.

The jocund travelers came on; and as they came Scrooge knew and named them every one. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see them? Why did his cold eye glisten and his heart leap up as they went past? Why was he filled with gladness when he heard them give each other Merry Christmas as they parted at crossroads and byways for their several homes? What was Merry Christmas to Scrooge? Out upon Merry Christmas! What good had it ever done to him?

"The school is not quite deserted," said the Ghost. "A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still."

Scrooge said he knew it. And he sobbed.

They left the highroad by a well-remembered lane and soon approached a mansion of dull red brick, with a little cupola on the roof, and a bell hanging in it. It was a large house, but one of broken fortunes; for the spacious offices were little used, their walls were damp and mossy, their windows broken, and their gates decayed. Fowls clucked and strutted in the stables, and the coach houses and sheds were overrun with grass. Entering the dreary hall and glancing through the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast.

They went, the Ghost and Scrooge, across the hall to a door at the back of the house. It opened before them and disclosed a long, bare room, made barer still by lines

of plain benches and desks. At one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire, and Scrooge sat down and wept to see his poor forgotten self as he had used to be.

Not a latent echo in the house, not a squeak and scuffle from the mice behind the paneling, not a drip from the half-thawed waterspout in the dull yard behind, not the idle swinging of an empty storehouse door, no, not a clicking in the fire, but fell upon the heart of Scrooge with softening influence and gave a freer passage to his tears.

The Spirit touched him on the arm and pointed to his younger self, intent upon his reading. Suddenly a man in foreign garments, wonderfully real and distinct to look at, stood outside the window, with an ax stuck in his belt, and leading by the bridle an ass laden with wood.

"Why, it's Ali Baba!" Scrooge exclaimed in ecstasy. "It's dear old honest Ali Baba! Yes, yes, I know! One Christmas time, when yonder solitary child was left here all alone, he *did* come, for the first time, just like that. Poor boy! And Valentine," said Scrooge, "and his wild brother Orson; there they go! And what's his name, who was put down in his drawers, asleep, at the Gate of Damascus; don't you see him? And the Sultan's Groom turned upside down by the Genii; there he is upon his head! Serve him right! I'm glad of it. What business had *he* to be married to the Princess?"

To hear Scrooge expending all the earnestness of his nature on such subjects, in a most extraordinary voice

between laughing and crying, and to see his heightened and excited face, would have been a surprise to his business friends in the city, indeed.

"There 's the Parrot!" cried Scrooge. "Green body and yellow tail, with a thing like a lettuce growing out of the top of his head; there he is! Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he came home again after sailing round the island. 'Poor Robin Crusoe, where have you been, Robin Crusoe?' The man thought he was dreaming, but he wasn't. It was the Parrot, you know. There goes Friday, running for his life to the little creek! Halloa! Hoop! Halloo!"

Then, with a rapidity of transition very foreign to his usual character, he said, in pity for his former self, "Poor boy!" and cried again.

"I wish," Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket and looking about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff; "but it's too late now."

"What is the matter?" asked the Spirit.

"Nothing," said Scrooge. "Nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something; that's all."

The Ghost smiled thoughtfully and waved its hand, saying as it did so, "Let us see another Christmas!"

Scrooge's former self grew larger at the words, and the room became a little darker and more dirty. The panels shrank, the windows cracked; fragments of plaster fell out

of the ceiling, and the naked laths were shown instead; but how all this was brought about, Scrooge knew no more than you do. He only knew that it was quite correct; that everything had happened so; that there he was, alone again, when all the other boys had gone home for the jolly holidays.

He was not reading now, but walking up and down despairingly. Scrooge looked at the Ghost and, with a mournful shaking of his head, glanced anxiously toward the door.

It opened, and a little girl, much younger than the boy, came darting in, and, putting her arms about his neck, and often kissing him, addressed him as her "dear, dear brother."

"I have come to bring you home, dear brother!" said the child, clapping her hands. "To bring you home, home!"

"Home, little Fan?" returned the boy.

"Yes!" said the child, brimful of glee. "Home, for good and all. Home, forever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be, that home's like heaven! He spoke so gently to me one dear night when I was going to bed that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said Yes, you should, and sent me in a coach to bring you. And you're to be a man!" said the child, opening her eyes, "and are never to come back here; but first, we're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world."

"You are quite a woman, little Fan!" exclaimed the boy.

She clapped her hands and laughed, and tried to touch his head; but, being too little, laughed again and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. Then she began to drag him, in her childish eagerness, toward the door; and he, nothing loath to go, accompanied her.

"Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered," said the Ghost. "But she had a large heart!"

"So she had," cried Scrooge. "You're right. I will not gainsay it, Spirit. God forbid!"

"She died a woman," said the Ghost, "and had, as I think, children."

"One child," Scrooge returned.

"True," said the Ghost. "Your nephew!"

Scrooge seemed uneasy in his mind and answered briefly, "Yes."

They were now in the busy thoroughfares of a city, where shadowy passengers passed and repassed, where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the way, and all the strife and tumult of a real city were. It was made plain enough, by the dressing of the shops, that here too it was Christmas time again; but it was evening and the streets were lighted up.

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it!" said Scrooge. "Was I apprenticed here?"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh

wig, sitting behind such a high desk that if he had been two inches taller he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement: "Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands, adjusted his capacious waistcoat, laughed all over himself, and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice: "Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow 'prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work tonight. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson!"

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters—one, two, three—had 'em up in their places—four, five, six—barred 'em and pinned 'em—seven, eight, nine—and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race horses.

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk with wonderful agility. "Clear away,

my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ballroom as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music book and went up to the lofty desk and made an orchestra of it, and tuned his fiddle like fifty stomach aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round; old top couple always turning up in the wrong

place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them! When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter especially provided for that purpose. But, scorning rest, upon his reappearance he instantly began again, as if the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter, and he were a brand-new man resolved to beat him out of sight or perish.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was a great piece of cold roast, and there was a great piece of cold boiled, and there were mince pies. But the great effect of the evening came after the roast and boiled, when the fiddler (an artful dog, mind! the sort of man who knew his business better than you or I could have told it him!) struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many—ah, four times—old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high

praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of them next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance (advance and retire, both hands to your partner, bow and courtesy, corkscrew, thread-the-needle, and back again to your place), Fezziwig "cut,"—cut so deftly that he appeared to wink with his legs,—and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and, shaking hands with every person as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back shop.

During the whole of this time Scrooge had acted like a man out of his wits. His heart and soul were in the scene and with his former self. He remembered everything, enjoyed everything, and underwent the strangest agitation. It was not until now, when the bright faces of his former self and Dick were turned from them, that he remembered the Ghost and became conscious that it was looking full upon him, while the light upon its head burnt very clear.

"A small matter," said the Ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude."

"Small!" echoed Scrooge.

The Spirit signed to him to listen to the two apprentices, who were pouring out their hearts in praise of Fezziwig, and, when he had done so, said: "Why! Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money,—three or four, perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

"It isn't that," said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter, self. "It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy, to make our service light or burdensome, a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks, in things so slight that it is impossible to add and count 'em up, what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

He felt the Spirit's glance and stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked the Ghost.

"Nothing particular," said Scrooge.

"Something, I think?" the Ghost insisted.

"No," said Scrooge; "no. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now, that's all."

His former self turned down the lamps as he gave utterance to the wish; and Scrooge and the Ghost again stood side by side in the open air.

"My time grows short," observed the Spirit. "Quick!"

This was not addressed to Scrooge, or to anyone whom he could see, but it produced an immediate effect.

Scrooge was conscious of being exhausted, and overcome by drowsiness, and, further, of being in his own bedroom. He had barely time to reel to bed before he sank into a heavy sleep.

STAVE THREE. THE SECOND OF THE THREE SPIRITS

Awaking in the middle of a huge snore and sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had no occasion to be told that the bell was again upon the stroke of One. He felt that he was awakened in the right nick of time, for the special purpose of meeting the second messenger. But, finding that he turned uncomfortably cold when he began to wonder which of his curtains this new specter would draw back, he put them every one aside with his own hands and, lying down again, established a sharp lookout all round the bed. For he did not wish to be taken by surprise and made nervous, although I don't mind telling you that nothing between a baby and a rhinoceros would have astonished him very much.

Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was not by any means prepared for nothing; and so, when the bell struck One and no shape appeared, he was taken with a violent fit of trembling. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, yet nothing came. All this

time he lay upon his bed, the very center of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it the instant the clock struck, and which, being only light, was more alarming than a dozen ghosts. At last Scrooge began to think that the source and secret of this ghostly light might be in the adjoining room, from which it seemed to shine. This idea taking full possession of his mind, he got up softly and shuffled in his slippers to the door.

The moment Scrooge's hand was on the lock a strange voice called him by his name and bade him enter. He obeyed.

It was his own room. There was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a most surprising change. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green that it looked a perfect grove, from every part of which bright, gleaming berries glistened. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney as that dull hearth had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, great joints of meat, sucking pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince pies, plum puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense cakes, and seething bowls of punch that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam.

In easy state upon this couch there sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see, who bore a glowing torch, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed the Ghost; "come in! and know me better, man!"

Scrooge entered timidly and hung his head before this Spirit. He was not the dogged Scrooge he had been; and though the Spirit's eyes were clear and kind, he did not like to meet them.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the Spirit. "Look upon me!"

Scrooge did so. It was clothed in one simple, deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the garment, were bare; and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath, set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free,—free as its genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, and its cheery voice. Girded round its middle was an old scabbard; but no sword was in it, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust.

"You have never seen the like of me before!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Never," Scrooge made answer to it.

The Ghost of Christmas Present rose.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I

learned a lesson which is working now. Tonight, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit, and punch, all vanished instantly. So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night; and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where (for the weather was severe) the people made a rough kind of music in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings and from the tops of their houses, whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below.

The people who were shoveling away on the housetops were jovial and full of glee, calling out to one another and now and then exchanging a friendly snowball,—better-natured missile, far, than many a wordy jest,—laughing heartily if it went right, and not less heartily if it went wrong. The meat shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' shops were radiant in their glory. There were great round baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen. There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water as they passed; there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling, in their fra-

grance, ancient walks among the woods and pleasant shufflings ankle deep through withered leaves; there were great Norfolk apples, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and urgently entreating to be carried home in paper bags and eaten after dinner. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, appeared to know that there was something going on, and, to a fish, went gasping round and round their little world in slow excitement.

The grocers'! oh, the grocers'! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such glimpses! It was not alone that the scales descending on the counter made a merry sound, or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so grateful to the nose, or even that the raisins were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and straight, the other spices so delicious, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar as to make the lookers-on feel faint and bilious. Nor was it that the figs were moist and pulpy, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat and in its Christmas dress; but the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day that they tumbled up against each other at the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the counter,

and came running back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the like mistakes, in the best humor possible.

It was a remarkable quality of the Ghost that notwithstanding his gigantic size he could enter any place with ease, and that he stood beneath a low roof quite as gracefully as he could have done in any lofty hall.

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe. On the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen bob a week himself, and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, given his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelled the goose and known it for their own; and

these young Cratchits danced about the table and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother," said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him, and his threadbare clothes

darned up and brushed, and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden drop in his high spirits, for he had been Tim's horse all the way from church and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out from behind the closet door and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim and bore him off into the washhouse, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs,—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby,—compounded some hot mixture in a jug, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds, to which a black swan was a matter of course,—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two

young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't eaten it all at last! Yet everyone had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard and stolen it while they were merry with the goose,—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that. That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed but smiling proudly—with the

pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing from a spoonful of ignited brandy and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that, now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass,—two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed: "A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family reëchoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, "in the poor chimney corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, the child will die."

"No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh, no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared."

"If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, none other of my race," returned the Ghost, "will find him here. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

Scrooge hung his head to hear words that he had once spoken quoted by the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief. He cast his eyes upon the ground, but raised them speedily on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the founder of the feast!"

"The founder of the feast, indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas Day."

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"

The children drank the toast after her. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business, and Peter himself looked at the fire as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she

meant to lie abed tomorrow morning for a good, long rest, tomorrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter"; at which Peter pulled up his collar so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by and by they had a song, about a lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being waterproof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another and contented with the time; and when they faded and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

By this time it was getting dark and snowing pretty heavily, and as Scrooge and the Spirit went along the streets it was a great surprise to Scrooge to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own nephew's and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at that same nephew with vast approval.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Scrooge's nephew. "Ha, ha, ha!"

If you should happen, by any unlikely chance, to know a man more blest in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, all I can say is, I should like to know him, too. Introduce him to me and I'll cultivate his acquaintance.

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things that, while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so contagious as laughter and good humor. When Scrooge's nephew laughed in this way, holding his sides, rolling his head, and twisting his face, Scrooge's niece by marriage laughed as heartily as he. And their assembled friends, being not a bit behindhand, roared out lustily.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!" cried Scrooge's nephew. "He believed it, too!"

"More shame for him, Fred!" said Scrooge's niece.

"He's a comical old fellow," said Scrooge's nephew; "that's the truth; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offenses carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him."

"I'm sure he is very rich, Fred," hinted Scrooge's niece. "At least you always tell *me* so."

"What of that, my dear?" said Scrooge's nephew. "His wealth is of no use to him. He doesn't do any good with it. He doesn't make himself comfortable with it. He hasn't the satisfaction of thinking—ha, ha, ha!—that he is ever going to benefit us with it."

"I have no patience with him," observed Scrooge's niece. Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all the other ladies, expressed the same opinion.

"Oh, I have!" said Scrooge's nephew. "I am sorry for him; I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always. Here he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He doesn't lose much."

"Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner," interrupted Scrooge's niece.

"Well! I am very glad to hear it," said Scrooge's nephew, "because I haven't any great faith in these young housekeepers. What do *you* say, Topper?"

Topper answered that a bachelor was a wretched outcast who had no right to express an opinion on the subject.

After tea they had music. For they were a musical family and knew what they were about, especially Topper, who could growl away in the bass like a good one. Scrooge's niece played well upon the harp, and played, among other tunes, a simple little air (a mere nothing; you might learn to whistle it in two minutes) which had been familiar to the child who fetched Scrooge from the boarding school, as he had been reminded by the Ghost of Christmas Past. When this strain of music sounded, all the things that Ghost had shown him came upon his mind; he softened more and more.

But they didn't devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played at forfeits. Stop! There was first a

game at blindman's buff. Of course there was. And I no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had eyes in his boots. My opinion is that it was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew, and that the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. The way he went after the plump sister in the lace tucker was an outrage. Knocking down the fire-irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself amongst the curtains, wherever she went, there went he ! He always knew where the plump sister was. He wouldn't catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against him (as some of them did) on purpose, he would have made a feint of endeavoring to seize you, and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister. She often cried out that it wasn't fair, and it really was not.

Scrooge's niece was not one of the blindman's buff party, but she joined in the forfeits, and in the game of How, When, and Where, to the secret joy of Scrooge's nephew, she beat her sisters hollow. There might have been twenty people there, young and old, but they all played, and so did Scrooge ; for, wholly forgetting, in the interest he had in what was going on, that his voice made no sound in their ears, he sometimes came out with his guess quite loud, and very often guessed right, too ; for the sharpest needle was not sharper than Scrooge, blunt as he took it into his head to be.

The Ghost was greatly pleased to find him in this mood,

and looked upon him with such favor that he begged like a boy to be allowed to stay until the guests departed. But this the Spirit said could not be done.

"Here is a new game," said Scrooge. "One half hour, Spirit, only one!"

It was a game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something and the rest must find out what, he only answering to their questions Yes or No, as the case was. The brisk fire of questioning to which he was exposed elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked sometimes, and lived in London, and walked about the streets, and wasn't made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a menagerie, and was never killed in a market, and was not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a bull, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear. At every fresh question that was put to him this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter, and was so tickled that he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. At last the plump sister, falling into a similar state, cried out:—"I have found it out! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is!"

"What is it?" cried Fred.

"It's your Uncle Scro-o-o-o-oge!"

Which it certainly was.

"He has given us plenty of merriment, I am sure," said

Fred, "and it would be ungrateful not to drink his health. Here is a glass of mulled wine ready to our hand at the moment, and I say, 'Uncle Scrooge!'"

"Well! Uncle Scrooge!" they cried.

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is!" said Scrooge's nephew. "He wouldn't take it from me, but may he have it, nevertheless. Uncle Scrooge!"

Uncle Scrooge had become so gay and light of heart that he would have pledged the company in return, and thanked them, if the Ghost had given him time. But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew, and he and the Spirit were again upon their travels.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end.

The bell struck twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it not. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate he beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a mist along the ground, toward him.

STAVE FOUR. THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS

The Phantom slowly, gravely, silently, approached. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee, for in the very air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

It was shrouded in a deep black garment which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand.

He felt that it was tall and stately when it came beside him, and that its mysterious presence filled him with a solemn dread. He knew no more, for the Spirit neither spoke nor moved.

"Am I in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?" asked Scrooge.

The Spirit answered not, but pointed onward with its hand.

"You are about to show me shadows of the things that have not happened but will happen in the time before us," Scrooge pursued. "Is that so, Spirit?"

The upper portion of the garment was bent for an instant in its folds, as if the Spirit had inclined its head. That was the only answer he received.

Although well used to ghostly company by this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much that his legs trembled beneath him.

"Ghost of the Future!" he exclaimed, "I fear you more than any specter I have seen. But as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?"

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

"Lead on!" said Scrooge. "Lead on! The night is waning fast and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!"

The Phantom moved away as it had come toward him. Scrooge followed in the shadow of its dress, which bore him up, he thought, and carried him along.

They scarcely seemed to enter the City, for the City rather seemed to spring up about them. But there they were, in the heart of it, on 'Change, amongst the merchants, who hurried up and down, and chinked the money in their pockets, and conversed in groups, and looked at their watches, and trifled thoughtfully with their great gold seals, and so forth, as Scrooge had seen them often.

The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

"No," said a great fat man with a monstrous chin, "I don't know much about it either way. I only know he's dead."

"When did he die?" inquired another.

"Last night, I believe."

"Why, what was the matter with him?" asked a third, taking a vast quantity of snuff out of a very large snuffbox. "I thought he'd never die."

"God knows," said the first, with a yawn.

"What has he done with his money?" asked a red-faced gentleman.

"I haven't heard," said the man with the large chin, yawning again. "Left it to his company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to *me*. That's all I know."

This was received with a general laugh.

"It's likely to be a very cheap funeral," said the same speaker; "for, upon my life, I don't know of anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party?"

"I don't mind going if a lunch is provided," observed the red-faced gentleman. "But I must be fed if I make one."

Another laugh.

Speakers and listeners then strolled away and mixed with other groups. Scrooge knew the men and looked toward the Spirit for an explanation. Quiet and dark beside him stood the Phantom with its outstretched hand. He fancied that the unseen eyes were looking at him keenly. It made him shudder and feel very cold.

The scene changed, and now he almost touched a bed,—a bare, uncurtained bed, on which, beneath a ragged sheet, there lay a something covered up, which, though it was dumb, announced itself in awful language.

The room was very dark, too dark to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced round it, anxious to know what kind of room it was. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon the bed; and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of a man.

Scrooge glanced toward the Phantom. Its steady hand was pointed to the head. The cover was so carelessly adjusted that the slightest raising of it, the motion of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have disclosed the face. He thought of it, felt how easy it would be to do, and longed to do it, but had no more power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the Specter at his side.

The body lay in the dark, empty house. A cat was tearing at the door, and there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearthstone. What *they* wanted in the room of death, and why they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not dare think.

"Spirit!" he said, "this is a fearful place. In leaving it I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go!"

Still the Ghost pointed with an unmoved finger to the head.

"I understand you," Scrooge returned, "and I would do it if I could. But I have not the power, Spirit. I have not the power."

Again it seemed to look upon him.

"Let me see some tenderness connected with a death," said Scrooge, "or this dark chamber will be forever present to me."

The Ghost led him through several streets familiar to his feet. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house (the dwelling he had visited before) and found the mother and children seated round the fire.

Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet!

The mother laid her work upon the table and put her hand up to her face.

"The color hurts my eyes," she said.

The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

"They're better now again," said Cratchit's wife. "It makes them weak by candlelight; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time."

"Past it," Peter answered, shutting up his book. "But I think he has walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, mother."

They were very quiet again. At last she said, and in a steady, cheerful voice, that only faltered once, "I have known him walk with—I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder very fast indeed."

"And so have I," cried Peter. "Often."

"And so have I," exclaimed another. So had all.

"But he was very light to carry," she resumed, intent upon her work; "and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble—no trouble. And there is your father at the door!"

She hurried out to meet him. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it

most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees and laid, each child, a little cheek against his face, as if they said: "Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved!"

Bob was very cheerful with them and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

"Sunday! You went today, then, Robert?" said his wife.

"Yes, my dear," returned Bob. "I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child!" cried Bob. "My little child!"

They drew about the fire and talked, the girls and mother working still. Bob told them of the kindness of Mr. Scrooge's nephew, whom he had scarcely seen but once, and who, meeting him in the street that day, and seeing that he looked a little—"just a little down, you know," said Bob, inquired what had happened to distress him. "On which," said Bob, "for he is the pleasantest-spoken gentleman you ever heard, I told him. 'I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit,' he said, 'and heartily sorry for your good wife.' By the by, how he ever knew *that*, I don't know."

"Knew what, my dear?"

"Why, that you were a good wife," replied Bob.

"Everybody knows that," said Peter.

"Very well observed, my boy!" cried Bob. "I hope they do. 'Heartily sorry,' he said, 'for your good wife. If I can be of service to you in any way,' he said, giving me his card, 'that's where I live. Pray come to me.' Now it wasn't," cried Bob, "for the sake of anything he might be able to do for us, so much as for his kind way, that this was quite delightful. It really seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim and felt with us."

"I'm sure he's a good soul!" said Mrs. Cratchit.

"You would be surer of it, my dear," returned Bob, "if you saw and spoke to him. I shouldn't be at all surprised—mark what I say!—if he got Peter a better situation."

"Only hear that, Peter," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"And then," cried one of the girls, "Peter will be keeping company with someone and setting up for himself."

"Get along with you!" retorted Peter, grinning.

"It's just as likely as not," said Bob, "one of these days; though there's plenty of time for that, my dear. But, however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim—shall we?—or this first parting that there was among us?"

"Never, father!" cried they all.

"And I know," said Bob, "I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was, although he was a little, little child, we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it."

"No, never, father!" they all cried again.

"I am very happy," said Bob; "I am very happy!"

Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two young Cratchits kissed him, and Peter and himself shook hands. Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God!

"Specter," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was whom we saw lying dead."

The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come conveyed him, as before, until they reached an iron gate. Scrooge paused to look round before entering.

A churchyard. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had now to learn lay underneath the ground. It was a worthy place,—walled in by houses, overrun by grass and weeds.

The Spirit stood among the graves and pointed down to one. Scrooge advanced toward it, trembling. The Phantom was exactly as it had been, but he feared that he saw new meaning in its solemn shape.

"Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point," said Scrooge, "answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that will be or are they shadows of the things that may be only?"

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

Scrooge crept toward it, trembling as he went, and, following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE.

"Am *I* that man who lay upon the bed?" he cried, upon his knees.

The finger pointed from the grave to him and back again.

"No, Spirit! Oh, no, no!"

The finger still was there.

"Spirit!" he cried, tight clutching at its robe, "hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this if I am past all hope?"

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

"Good Spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it, "have pity upon me. Tell me that I may yet change these shadows you have shown me by an altered life!"

The kind hand trembled.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the past, the present, and the future. The spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

In his agony he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty and detained it. The Spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Holding up his hands in a last prayer, he saw a change in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrank, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

STAVE FIVE. THE END OF IT

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the time before him was his own, to make amends in!

"I will live in the past, the present, and the future!" Scrooge repeated as he scrambled out of bed. "The spirits of all three shall strive within me. O Jacob Marley! Heaven and the Christmas time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob—on my knees!"

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

"I am here; the shadows of the things that would have been may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will!"

His hands were busy with his garments all this time, turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A Merry Christmas to

everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world! Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!"

He had frisked into the sitting-room and was now standing there, perfectly winded.

"There's the saucepan that the gruel was in!" cried Scrooge, starting off again and frisking round the fireplace. "There's the door by which the ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat! There's the window where I saw the wandering spirits! It's all right, it's all true, it all happened. Ha, ha, ha!"

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!

"I don't know what day of the month it is," said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I have been among the spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer; ding, dong, bell! Bell, dong, ding; hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious!

"What's today?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes.

"EH?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's today, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"Today!" replied the boy. "Why, CHRISTMAS DAY."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there?—Not the little prize turkey; the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"WALK-ER!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge, "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the directions where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's," whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands and splitting with a laugh. "He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went downstairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

"I shall love it as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It's a wonderful knocker!—Here's the turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you? Merry Christmas!"

It *was* a turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing wax.

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab."

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he paid the boy, were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried.

Shaving was not an easy task, for his hand continued to shake very much; and shaving requires attention, even when you don't dance while you are at it. But if he had cut the end of his nose off, he would have put a piece of sticking plaster over it and been quite satisfied.

He dressed himself "all in his best" and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and, walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded everyone with a delighted smile. He looked so pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good morning, sir! A Merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He had not gone far when, coming on toward him, he beheld the portly gentleman who had walked into his countinghouse the day before and said, "Scrooge and Marley's, I believe?" It sent a pang across his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met; but he knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it.

"My dear sir," said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both his hands; "how do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A Merry Christmas to you, sir!"

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness"—here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were taken away. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?"

"If you please," said Scrooge. "Not a farthing less. A great many back payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favor?"

"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him, "I don't know what to say to such munificence."

"Don't say anything, please," retorted Scrooge. "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it.

"Thank'ee," said Scrooge. "I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!"

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows; and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon he turned his steps toward his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times before he had the

courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you upstairs if you please."

"Thank'ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

He turned it gently and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started!

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "Who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister when *she* came. So did everyone, when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there! If he could only be there first and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes, he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the tank.

His hat was off before he opened the door, his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy, driving away with his pen as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I *am* behind my time."

"You are?" repeated Scrooge. "Yes. I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge; "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the tank again,—“and therefore I am about to raise your salary!”

Bob trembled and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had an idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help.

"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! Make up the fires and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another *i*, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and more; and to Tiny Tim, who did *not* die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old City knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not laugh. His own heart laughed, and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with spirits; and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us every one!

CHARLES DICKENS (Adapted)

VOCABULARY

The definitions of these words, in many cases, have to do with the text merely, and do not furnish complete lists of meanings. Study the dictionary as much as possible, for it gives interesting histories of our English words. See, for example: apron, bedlam, book, buxom, cunning, naughty, nice, noon, paper, pen, school, silly, umpire. See also "Beacon Reading," pp. 165 ff.

Abana (ăb'a na) a river of Damascus.

Abou (ă'bōō).

Acre (ă'kēr) a seaport of Syria.

adept (a dĕpt') skilled.

agility (a jĭl'ĭ tĭ) activity, quickness of motion.

Ahmad Din (ă'măd dĭn).

Albinia a river of Etruria.

albino (ăl bĭ'nō) a person or animal lacking coloring matter in skin, hair, and eyes.

Alfruda (ălf trōō'da).

Ali Baba (ă'lĕ bă'bă) a character in the "Arabian Nights."

ally (ă lĭ') a helper.

amain (a măn') with full force; at full speed.

amends (a mĕndz') compensation.

anon (a nŏn') soon, immediately.

Apennine (ăp'ĕ nĭn) a mountain chain in central Italy, now usually called the Apennines.

Arimathea (ăr ĭ ma thĕ'a) a town of ancient Palestine.

arrogant (ăr'ō gant) assuming, haughty, self-important.

artificers (ăr tĭf'ĭ sĕrz) skilled craftsmen.

assignats (ăs'ĭg năts) paper money.

Babylon (băb'ĭ lon) a magnificent ancient city, the center of the world's commerce; hence, any great and luxurious city

baldric (băl'drĭk) a belt; here, the Milky Way.

bane dread, harm.

bedight (bĕ dīt') adorned.

bellows (bĕl'ōz).

Beowulf (bă'ō wōōlf).

bereft (bĕ rĕft') destitute.

betide (bĕ tĭd') happen.

betimes (bĕ tĭmz') early, speedily.

Black Watch a regiment of Scottish Highlanders.

- blither** (blīth'ēr) gladder, more joyous, more cheerful.
- bob** shilling *or* shillings.
- boles** trunks.
- Bong-tree** a name made up by Edward Lear.
- brands** swords.
- breaches** breaks, gaps.
- breech button** the metal knob on the rear end of a cannon.
- buckled** bent.
- bullion** (bōōl'yun) uncoined gold or silver in the shape of bars, ingots, or the like.
- Burman** of Burma.
- burn** an area that has been burned over.
- Butte** (būt) a city of Montana.
- calabash** (kāl'a bāsh) a kind of gourd.
- calks** (kōks) sharp-pointed pieces of iron or steel projecting downward on a horse's shoe to prevent him from slipping.
- Campania's** (kām pā'nī a) **hinds** (hīndz) peasants or farm laborers in Campania, a seacoast district southeast of Rome.
- cañons** (kǎn'yunz) deep valleys with high, steep sides.
- Canute** (ka nūt') an ancient king of Denmark and England.
- carronade** (kǎr on ād') a short, light, iron gun.
- casques** (kāks) helmets.
- caste** (kāst) one of the hereditary classes into which the society of India and Burma is divided.
- censer** a vessel in which incense is burned.
- champaign** open fields and plains.
- 'Change** a place where merchants meet to transact business.
- chaos** (kā'ōs) confusion, disorder.
- chaunts** chants.
- cheerly** cheerily.
- cheroots** (shē rōōts') East Indian cigars.
- cherubim** (chēr'ū bīm) figures of cherubs.
- chevalier** (shēv a lēr') a French noble of the lowest rank.
- churl** a peasant.
- circumval'late** surrounding, as with a wall or trench.
- climes** (klīmz) regions.
- Clusium** (klū'zhūm) an important city of Etruria.
- Cocles** (kō'klēz).
- Cœur d'Alene** (kûr da lān').
- configuration** arrangement.
- Comitium** (kō mī'shūm) an open space adjoining the Roman Forum.
- complacency** (kōm plā'sēn sī) self-satisfaction.
- Consul** the chief magistrate of Rome.

copper boiler.

copses thickets.

Corn'hill an important London street named for the corn market which was formerly held there.

corn-land lands taken in war and belonging to the state.

corps (kōr) a section of a large army.

Cosa (kō'za) a town in Etruria.

cotter a cottager.

couchant (kouch'ant) lying down with the head raised.

countinghouse a room in which a merchant transacts business.

covetous (kūv'ē tūs) grasping.

crab'bed cross, unpleasant.

cravat (kra vāt') a neckcloth.

craven (krā'v'n) cowardly.

credence (krē'dēns) belief, credit.

crow crowbar.

Crowland a famous Anglo-Saxon monastery and church.

crypt (kript) a vault under a church, used for a chapel.

cupola (kū'pō la) a small structure on the roof of a building.

cut an old-fashioned dance step.

débris (dā brē') rubbish, ruins.

Desaix (dē zā') a French general.

despot'ic behaving like a tyrant.

Dick Turpin a famous English robber and highwayman.

dissipated scattered.

Doneraile (dōn'ēr āl).

Dugan Sahib (dūg'an sā'ib).

Dwasala (dwā'sa la).

eccentric (ĕk sĕn'trĭk) odd, unusual.

ejac'ulated exclaimed.

eked (ĕkt) out pieced out.

elemental simple.

elicited drew out.

emancipate free.

emitted sent forth, discharged.

endearments whatever makes a thing dear.

essence substance, being.

Etruscan (ĕ trūs'kan) belonging to Etruria, a region of Italy.

exhalations odors, vapors.

fabulous hard to believe.

fain glad.

Falerii (fā lē'rĭ ī) a town in Etruria.

familiar intimate.

farthings British coins worth a fourth of a penny.

Fathers senators.

feign (fān) imitate.

feint (fānt) pretense.

fens swamps.

festal festive.

fluctuated wavered, varied.

for'midable alarming, dreadful.

gain'say deny.

Galahad (gāl'a hād).

gamin (gām'in) a neglected boy of the city streets.

genii (jē'nī ī) powerful demons who, according to the Arabs, interfered in human affairs.

gibberish (gīb'ēr īsh) meaningless words, jargon.

go to an expression of encouragement, remonstrance, or the like.

Gomez (gō'mās).

grandiloquently (grăn dīl'ō kwēt-lī) pompously.

grange (grānj) a farmhouse.

graver engraver.

Gregor (grēg'or).

Grendel (grēn'dēl) a horrible man-devouring monster, killed by Beowulf.

harbingers (hār'bīn jērz) forerunners, messengers.

harness armor.

Haugan (hō'gan) a town in Montana.

hazardous (hāz'ar dus) dangerous.

heaven-born a polite East Indian phrase for an Englishman.

Helena (hēl'ē nā) the capital of Montana.

Hereward (Hēr'ē wērd).

heritage inheritance, condition into which one is born.

hermit a person who chooses to live in solitude.

Himalayas (hī mā'la yaz) the highest mountains on the earth.

hock a joint in a horse's leg, corresponding to the ankle in man.

holsters (hōl'stērz) leather pistol cases, carried at the belt or at the front of the saddle

homage (hōm'āj) respect.

hostel (hōs'tēl) an inn.

i' faith in faith, indeed, truly.

ignominy (īg'nō mīn ī) disgrace, dishonor.

Ilva Elba, which is still noted for its iron mines.

imminent threatening.

immured' shut up, imprisoned.

im'potent helpless, powerless.

inan'imate without consciousness.

incandes'cent glowing with intense heat.

Indostan (īn dō stān') the Persian name for India.

inex'orable unyielding.

intrin'sic essential.

Israel (īz'rā ēl) the Jewish nation.

Ivan (ē vān') John.

Ivanovitch (ē vān'ō vīch) son of John.

I wis originally *ywis*, meaning "certainly."

Janiculum (jǎ nĭk'ŭ lŭm) a high hill west of the Tiber.

jerkin a jacket or short coat; a close waistcoat.

jocund (jŏk'und) merry, cheerful, gay.

Joe Miller the supposed author of an old book of jokes.

Juno queen of the Roman gods and protectress of women.

keddah (kĕd'a).

khan (kǎn) an unfurnished building for the accommodation of caravans.

Khusru (kŭz'rōō).

Kumiria (kōō mĭ'rĭ a).

Langur Dass (lŭn gōōr' dās).

Lapp a native of Lapland.

larboard the left-hand side of a ship (from the standpoint of one on board facing toward the bow).

Lars an honorary title among the Etruscans, like the English "lord."

latent (lā'tĕnt) hidden.

laud praise.

Launfal (lǎn'fāl) a knight of King Arthur's Round Table, whose name Lowell gave to his hero.

Lausulus (lô'sŭ lŭs) an Etruscan pirate.

laverock (lăv'ēr ok) the lark.

leads (lēdz) a flat roof, covered with lead.

learned (lŭr'nĕd) well-informed.

Leb'anon a mountain range in western Syria.

lee side sheltered side, the side away from the wind.

leper (lēp'ēr) a person afflicted with the terrible skin disease called leprosy.

linnet a small finch.

livid (lĭv'ĭd) of a lead color.

loath unwilling.

Lodi (lŏ'dĕ) a city near Milan (battle, 1796).

loll (lŏld) reclined lazily.

longbows bows drawn by hand.

lunge (lŭnj) leap.

mahout (ma hout') the keeper and driver of an elephant.

maiden fresh, untried.

Malay (ma lā') of the Malay Peninsula and its neighboring islands.

malignantly with evil intent.

mango a tropical fruit.

Marengo (ma rĕn'gō) a village of Italy.

martial (mār'shal) military, warlike.

Melas (mā'lās).

meres lakes, pools.

mettle spirit, courage.

Miami (mī ām'ĭ) a river of Ohio.

Mierga (mē ēr'ga).

millet a small grain extensively cultivated in Europe and Asia for food.

milling going round and round.

Missoula (mī zōō'la) a city in Montana.

mizzenmast the rear mast.

monsoon (mōn sōōn') a wind bringing rain, and blowing from the southwest for months.

Mount Tabor (tā'bēr) a mountain in Palestine.

mulled wine wine which has been heated, sweetened, and spiced.

munificence (mū nīf'ī sēns) generosity.

Murillo (mū rīl'ō or mōō rēl'yō) a famous Spanish painter.

Muztagh (mōōz'tāgr).

myriad (mīr'ī ad) a very great but indefinite number.

Mysie (mī'zē).

Naaman (nā'a man).

Nar a tributary of the Tiber, noted for the whitish color of its waters.

Nequinum (nē kwī'nūm).

Nine Gods the nine Great Gods of the Etruscans.

Oberon (ō'bēr ōn) the king of the fairies.

oblit'erating wiping out.

offices [in a house] service quarters, kitchens, etc.

officious meddlesome.

openings opportunities.

orderly officer the officer of the day; that is, a soldier who on a given day has charge of a military post.

Orson one of the twin heroes of an old romance, "Valentine and Orson."

Ostia (ōs'tyā) a village at the mouth of the Tiber, the port of Rome.

pageantry (pāj'ēnt rī) pomp, elaborate display.

Palatinus (pāl a tī'nūs) the hill on which lived the patricians, or members of the three original Roman tribes.

pale an inclosed field, or the paling which bounds it.

pandemo'nium wild uproar.

pastern (pās'tērn) part of the horse's foot just above the hoof.

patriarch (pā'trī ārk) veteran.

Pelée (pē lā') a volcano in the French West Indies. In the eruption of 1902 the town of Saint-Pierre was destroyed and 30,000 persons perished.

pendent hanging.

petulant (pēt'ū lant) fretful, irritable.

phantoms ghosts, illusions.

Pharpar (fär'pär) a river of Damascus.

Picus (pī'cūs).

piece [of a battery] a gun.

piety devotion to religion.

pipes bagpipes.

plaintive mournful.

portcullis a gate running up and down in grooves.

porter a malt liquor.

portion money given to a bride by her father or guardian.

precedence (prē sēd'ēns) having preference in time, order, etc.

'prentice apprentice, one who is learning a trade or business.

projectile (prō jēk'tīl) a body thrown forward by an outside force.

prone bending forward.

pugilist (pū'jī līst) a professional prize fighter or boxer.

Puran (pōō rān').

pygmy (pīg'mī) a dwarf.

quarter-staff a long, stout staff formerly common as a weapon.

quibbling trifling in argument.

quintals hundredweights.

Ramnian a man of the oldest of the three original Roman tribes.

rampant prancing.

Ratisbon (rāt'īs bōn) a Bavarian town on the Danube River.

razorbacks thin-bodied, long-legged, half-wild hogs.

reclamation (rēk lā mā'shun) reformation.

recover him cure, or heal, him.

redemption saving, restoring.

remon'strated protested.

resinous (rēz'ī nus) containing resin or rosin, a species of pine gum used in making varnish.

reverbera'tion reëchoing sound.

riven (rīv'n) split.

roubles (rōō'b'lz) Russian coins, formerly worth about 50 cents each.

runcible spoon a kind of fork with three broad prongs.

saga'cious intelligent.

St. James the patron saint of Spain.

St. Keyne (kēn).

salaam (sa lām') greeting.

Sangreal (sān'grē al).

Sasha (sāsh'a).

saturate soak.

scope reach.

scorpions spider-like creatures with a poisonous sting.

Scots Greys a famous Scottish regiment of dragoons serving in the British army.

second a second officer, next in command.

Seius (sē'yūs).

sequoias (sē kwoi'az) the "big trees" of California.

serf a slave who is sold with the land on which he lives.

Sergeant (sār'jent) a noncommissioned army officer next in rank above a corporal.

Seville (sēv'īl) a city of Spain.

Shawnee tongue the language of the Shawnee Indians.

Siamese of Siam.

signor (sē'nyōr) Sir.

Sir Roger de Coverley a dance like the Virginia reel.

Sire (sīr) a title of respect.

somber grave, melancholy.

sordid contemptible.

specter ghost.

spent exhausted.

Spokane (spō kăn') a city in eastern Washington.

standard sheet banner.

stands stops.

starboard the right-hand side of a ship as one looks forward.

stave a musical phrase.

sten'tors persons having powerful voices.

stoles long, loose garments.

strait narrow.

strata (strā'ta) layers of earth or rock.

subtle (sūt'l) delicate.

sum'mary quick.

supplication entreaty.

symbolizes represents.

talents Hebrew money. The gold talent was worth about \$32,500; the silver, about \$2175.

talons (tāl'unz) claws.

Tanganyika (tān gān yē'kā) an African lake 400 miles long.

tartans (tār'tanz) the plaid woolen material from which Scotch kilts are made.

Tartary a region in Asia and Europe.

tembe (tēm'bě) a square, flat-roofed house arranged about an open court.

Thermopylae (thēr mōp'īlē) a famous mountain pass in Greece.

thrall slavery.

throstle (thrōs'l) a thrush.

Tifernum (tī fēr'num).

Titian (tīsh'an) of the second oldest of the three original Roman tribes.

Tolstoi (tōl stoi'), Count Leo, a Russian novelist.

transition a change from one subject or state to another.

tree the Cross.

trophies (trō'fīz) memorials of victory.

trysting (trīst'īng) **day** day of meeting or assembling.

Turin (tū'rĭn) a city of Piedmont, in Italy.

Ujiji (ōō jĕ'jĕ) a town on Lake Tanganyika.

Umbrian of Umbria, a district in central Italy.

unanimity (ū nā nĭm'ĭ tĭ) agreement.

Valentine one of the twin heroes of an old romance, "Valentine and Orson."

van front (of an army).

vans wings.

verdure greenness.

vernal occurring in spring.

versed familiar from experience or study.

vestige (vēs'tĭj) trace.

veterinary (vēt'ēr ĭ nă rĭ) an animal doctor.

virgin pure.

Volscian (vōl'shən) a Latin tribe which was a dangerous enemy of Rome.

Walker in the street slang of Dickens's day, an exclamation of surprise or doubt.

ween suppose, think.

welkin the vault of heaven, the sky.

Welsh wig a worsted cap.

wended made his way.

whatso whatever.

winds (wĭndz) blows.

wroth (rôth) full of wrath, angry.

yeomen (yō'mĕn) common men, free citizens.

Zanzibar' a seaport town, capital of an island off the east coast of Africa.

